

The Sketch

No. 794.—Vol. LXII.

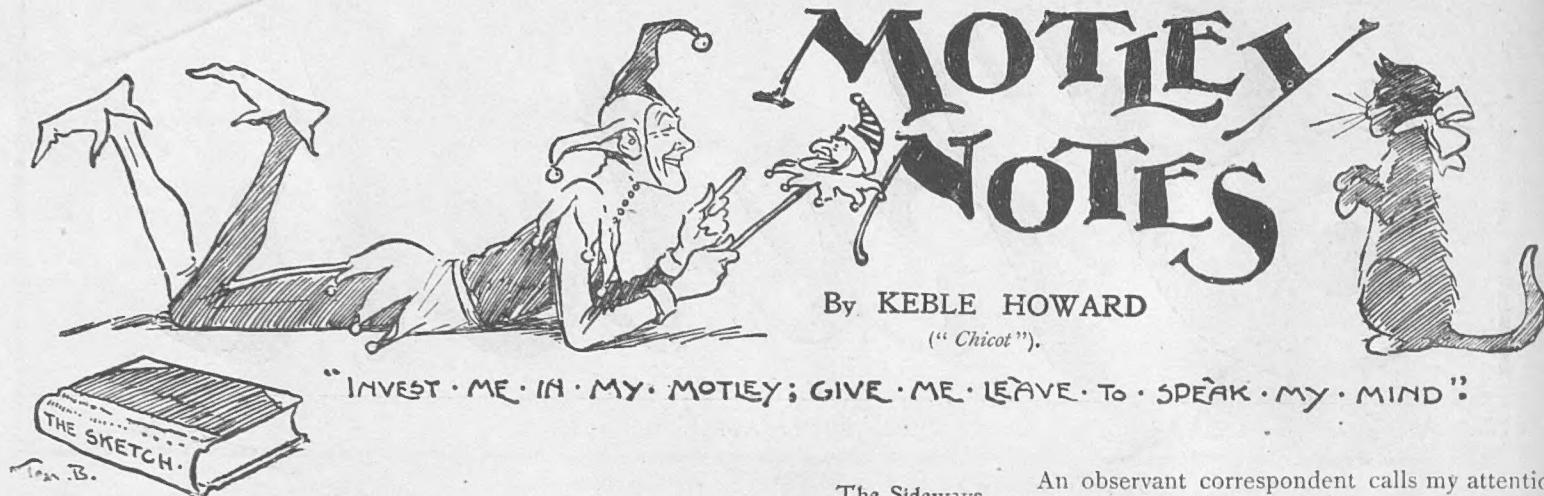
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15, 1908.

SIXPENCE.



A MASKED PRIMA-DONNA: L'INCognITA, THE MYSTERIOUS SOPRANO WHO IS SINGING AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Photograph specially taken for "The Sketch" by Bassano.



The Talkative Traveller.

He sat in the middle seat with his back to the engine. The moment the train left the station, he began to talk. His voice was loud and grating, his manner emphatic, and his forefinger insistent. None of us knew him, but he didn't mind that in the least. None of us wanted to talk, and he minded that still less. At last, the stout old gentleman on his left, whose irritation had been momentarily increasing, handed the stranger a paper.

"There's a very amusing paragraph on the third page," he said.

The stranger thanked him, took the paper, and read the paragraph. The lull was delicious, but it lasted barely a minute. He handed the paper back to the old gentleman, bowed, and began to talk again. Some of us frowned and some of us writhed; we all suffered. Presently, following the example of the old gentleman, the man on the stranger's right handed him a paper.

"You ought to run your eye over that leader," he said. "It's one of the cleverest things I've read for a long time."

The stranger thanked him, and read the leader. Unfortunately, it was not a very long leader. In seven minutes at the outside he could have passed an examination in it. He said so. Indeed, he discussed the opinions of the writer at inordinate length.

Then the man opposite him was seized with an idea. He had a monthly magazine with him.

"Are you," he said; showing the magazine to the stranger, "reading this new series of detective stories?"

"Yes," said the stranger eagerly. "They're capital. But I haven't seen this month's number yet."

"Allow me to lend it you," said the man opposite.

We all telegraphed our thanks. The stranger was quite absorbed in the detective story. The stout old gentleman on his left, with a little sigh that was almost a hymn of thanksgiving, dropped off to sleep.

Alas! the stranger was a dreadfully rapid reader. The detective story kept him quiet for twenty minutes only, and we had still an hour's run before us. His enthusiastic praise of the detective story woke up the stout old gentleman, and I half thought that he would communicate with the guard.

Then it was my turn. I had bought a new novel before starting. I was greatly interested in it, and had looked forward to a delightful journey. Under the circumstances, however, it might as well have been a Bradshaw. So I handed it to the stranger.

"This is just out," I said. "It's very fine. Have you read it?"

"No," he said. "May I look through it? Shall I be depriving you?"

"Not a bit," I assured him.

He turned the last page just as we ran into the terminus.

"Excellent!" he said. "Very many thanks. Which way are you walking?"

"Oh," I stammered, "I—I'm not quite sure."

"Neither am I," he said. "I'll wait with you, if I may, until you have made up your mind."

Eventually I gave him a lift in my cab.

"I suppose," he said, as we drove along, "you think I'm very fond of talking, don't you?"

"Oh, I don't know. A little, perhaps."

"Well, I'm not. I hate talking, especially in the train. As a matter of fact, I'm passionately fond of reading. But, some years ago, I swore a solemn oath never to spend another penny on papers, magazines, or novels. When I travel, therefore, I compel other people to keep me supplied, just as I did with you fellows this morning. Drop me at the next corner, will you?"

By KEBLE HOWARD

(“Chicot”).

The Sideways Walk.

An observant correspondent calls my attention to the fact that during the last few days the majority of the young girls of England—he has not been in Scotland, Ireland, or Wales—have taken to walking sideways. That is to say, he explains, they walk as they always did, but hold their heads sideways. He asks me if I can throw any light upon this strange fashion. Yes, I think I can. In the last number of this journal the Editor proved to us, with the help of the camera, than one side of the face is always better than the other. The illustrations were so startling that they evidently drove all the young women of England to the looking-glass. You have the result in the new sideways walk. Another result, unobserved, I think, by my correspondent, is the sideways talk. Since the publication of those photographs you cannot persuade any young woman to look at you whilst she is talking to you. In my own case, of course, I can understand it, but it is rather hard upon my handsome friends that the lady should always be deeply interested in something or another at the other end of the street. They have tried sidling round them, I hear, but then the object of interest swiftly changes. I hope the Editor of this journal realises his responsibility. The marriage columns in the dailies are sure to shrink.

Oddities of Asquith.

Mr. Asquith is a man of very extraordinary habits. His eccentricity shows itself, for the most part, when he is travelling. I suppose he is the quaintest traveller in the world. At any rate, he behaved oddly enough during the journey from London to Biarritz. "Walking briskly down the platform," I read in a well-informed daily paper, "followed by porters carrying a large dispatch-box and other personal baggage, Mr. Asquith stepped into a waiting taximeter-cab." Hitherto, it has been the custom for all great statesmen whilst travelling to carry their dispatches and personal luggage in a red or blue handkerchief, knotted at the corners (as in Fig. 1) to prevent the contents from falling out, and to run from the station to the hotel (as in Fig. 2), in order to save the cab-fare. But hear more of the oddities of Asquith. "As soon as the train started, he exchanged his hard-felt hat for a cloth travelling-cap, settled himself comfortably in a corner seat with his back to the engine, lit a cigar, and buried himself in a newspaper." I understand that the West-End haters are anticipating a rush on cloth travelling-caps since Mr. Asquith set the fashion in them. It was a little rude of him, maybe, to turn his back to the engine, but he showed contrition by burying himself in a newspaper. What a gruesome grave, even for a politician!

Asquith to the Empire.

Scarcely enough notice has been taken, I think, of the very important interview with Mr. Asquith that took place on the platform of the Nord Station. True, it was short, but equally true, it was pregnant with meaning. It ran as follows—

INTERVIEWER. Pardon my addressing you, Sir, but the Editor of my journal has instructed me to ask you whether you have, on this all-important occasion, a message for the Empire?

MR. ASQUITH. You may say that I have had a pleasant journey.

INTERVIEWER (making rapid note). On behalf of the Empire, Sir, I wish to thank you for those soul-stirring, inspiring words. One more question, Sir, if you will bear with me. When will you return?

MR. ASQUITH. That I cannot say.

Ah!

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.



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1. MISS AURIOL LEE AS JESSICA.

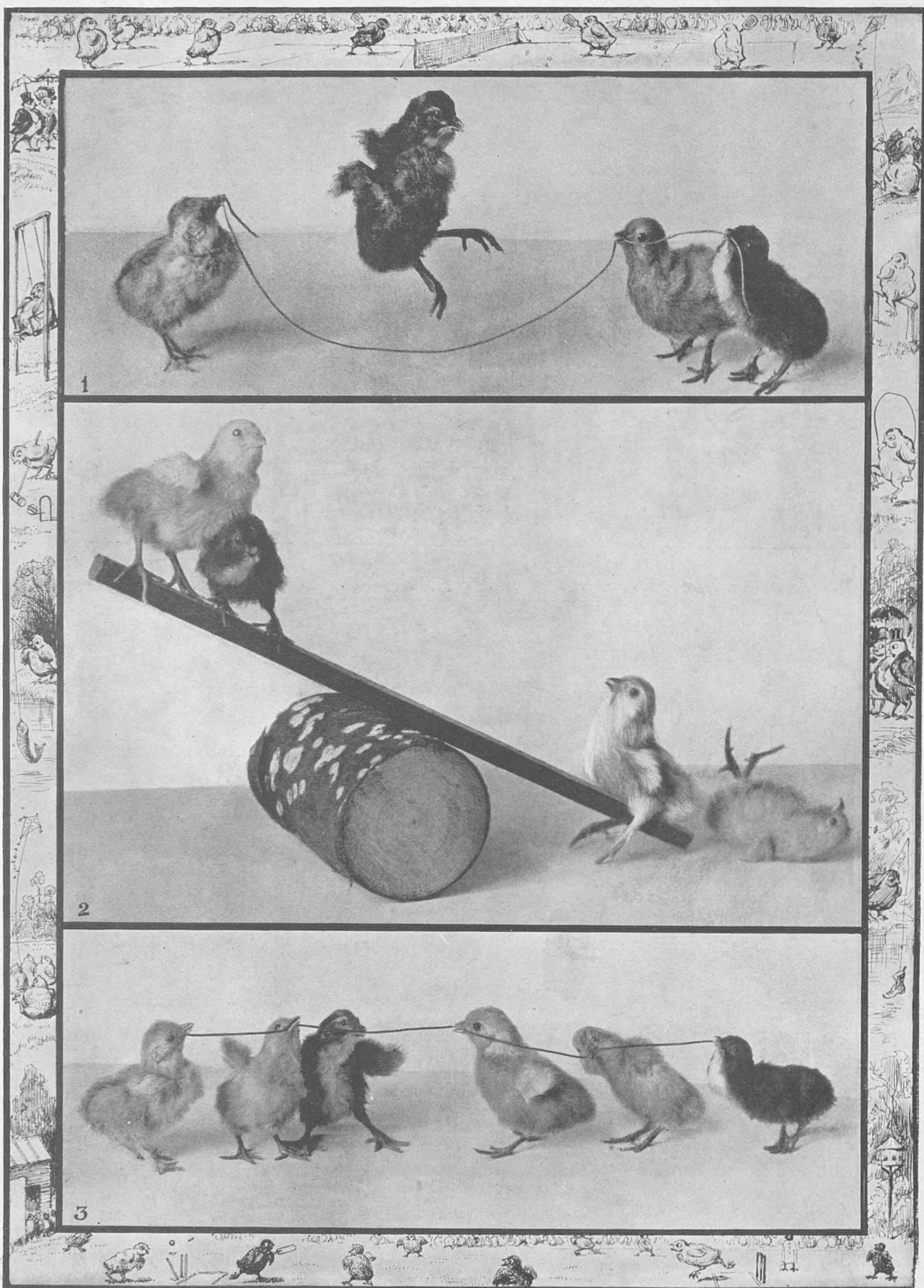
2. MISS DOROTHY MINTO AS NERISSA.

3. MR. TREE AS SHYLOCK.

4. MR. BASIL GILL AS BASSANIO AND MISS ALEXANDRA CARLISLE AS PORTIA.

Photographs by F. W. Burford.

THE OLYMPIC GAMES OF EASTER-EGG LAND:
THE ATHLETIC OUT-DOOR CHICK.

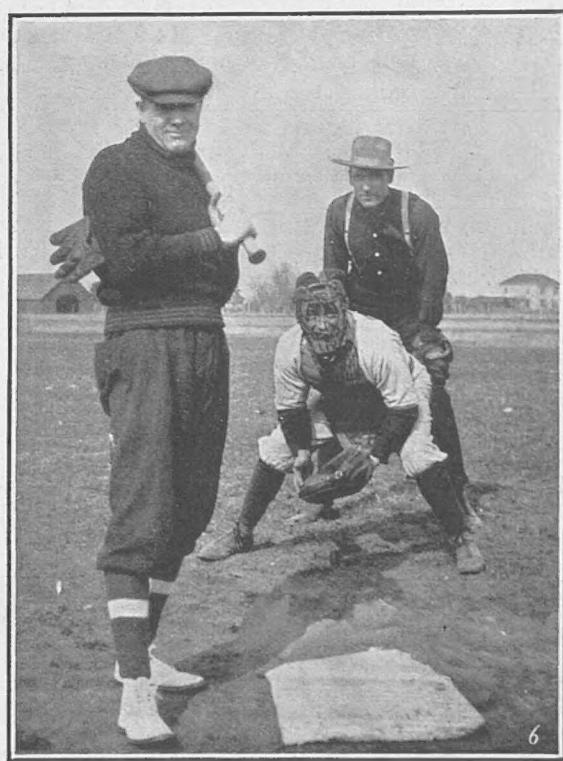
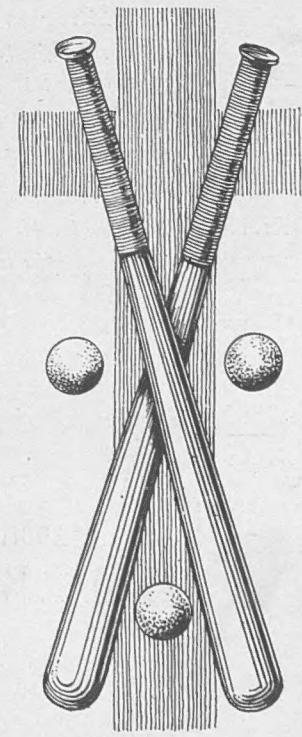
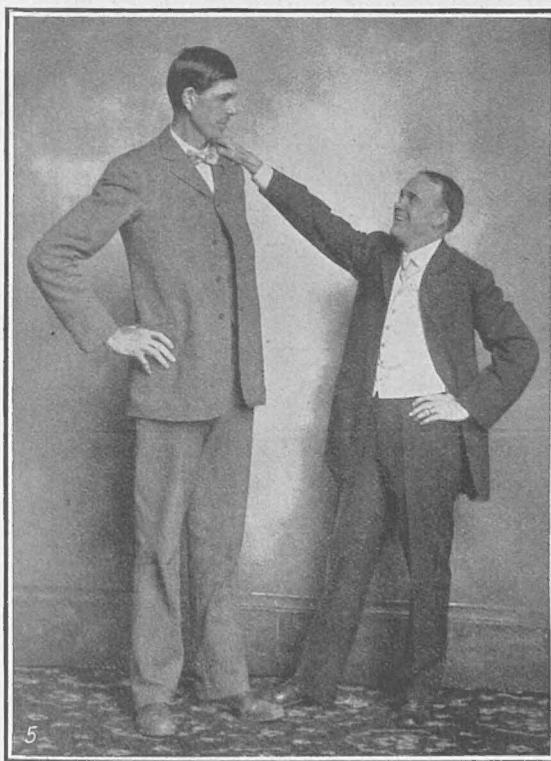
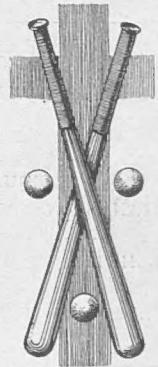
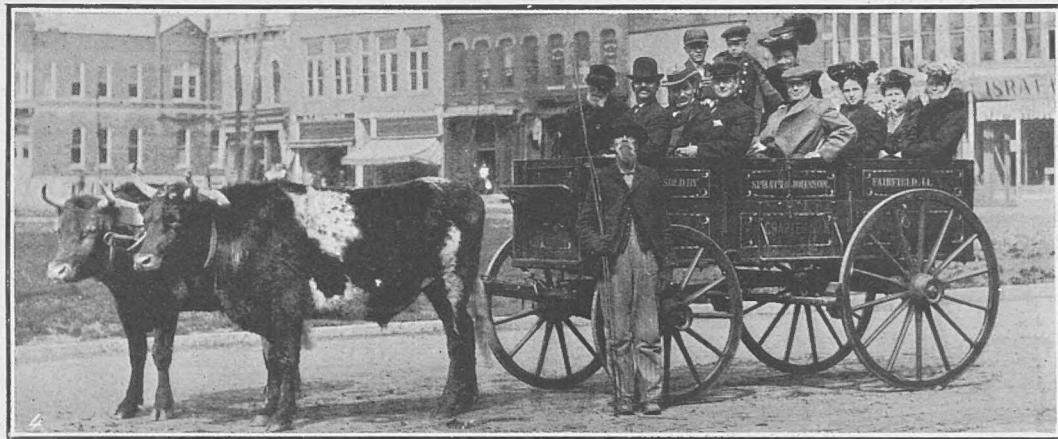
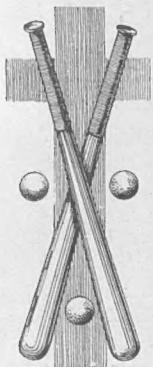
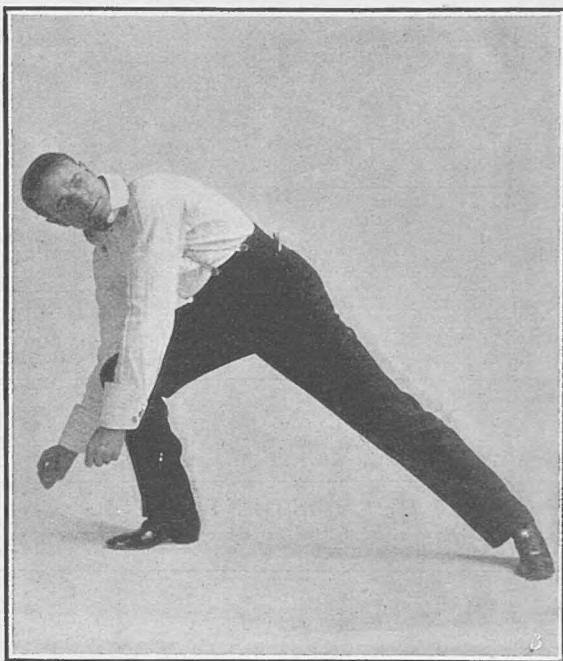
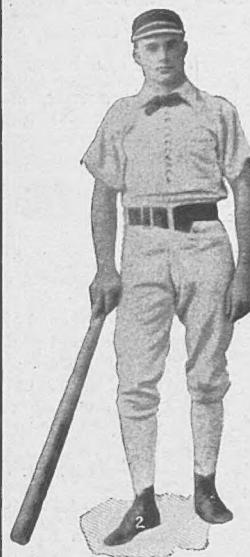
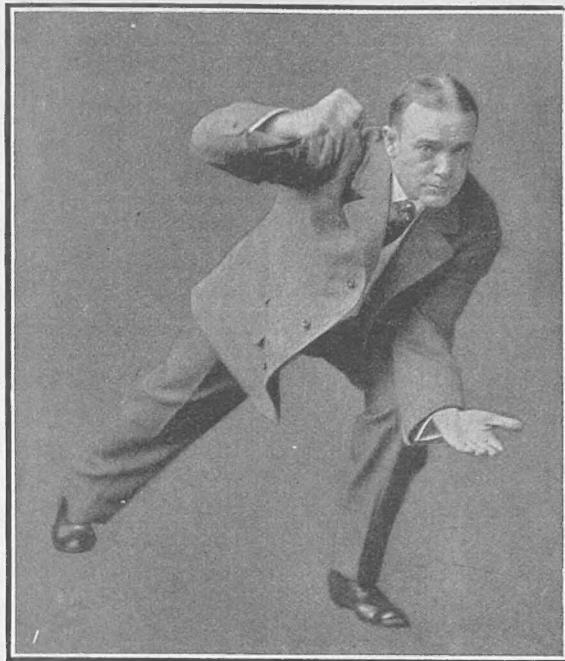


1. THE WINNER OF THE INTER-FARMYARD SKIPPING COMPETITION.
2. IN TRAINING: SEE-SAW AS A PREPARATION FOR MORE STRENUOUS THINGS.
3. THE TUG-OF-WAR: EARLY BIRDS v. OTHERS.

Photographs by Carine Cadby.

A CLERGYMAN WHO TAKES OFF HIS COAT TO PREACH.

THE REV. BILLY SUNDAY PREACHING; AND OTHER INCIDENTS IN HIS "WAR ON THE DEVIL."



1. THE REV. BILLY SUNDAY, FORMERLY THE FASTEST BASE-RUNNER IN THE NATIONAL LEAGUE, PREACHING ONE OF HIS EXTRAORDINARY SERMONS.

2. THE REV. BILLY SUNDAY IN BASE-BALL KIT.

3. THE REV. BILLY SUNDAY, HAVING WARMED UP TO HIS SUBJECT, TAKES OFF HIS COAT AND PREACHES IN HIS SHIRT-SLEEVES.

4. ONE OF THE MANY WAYS IN WHICH THE REVIVALIST ADVERTISES HIS WORK: THE EVANGELIST, HIS WIFE, AND STAFF IN A WAGON DRAWN BY OXEN.

5. THE REV. BILLY SUNDAY WITH A FORMER BARNUM AND BAILEY'S GIANT, ENGAGED TO ACT AS CHIEF USHER AT HIS TABERNACLE.

6. THE REVIVALIST AT BASE-BALL: THE REV. BILLY SUNDAY BATTING.

Considerable sensation has been caused in various parts of America by the methods of the Rev. Billy Sunday. Mr. Sunday was once famous as a base-ball player. One day he received a "call," and became a revivalist. His methods are to many not only extraordinary, but sensational. Yet there is no gainsaying the fact that they have the desired result, and it is claimed that the revivalist has already converted many thousands of people. As the pastor of Fairfield Congregational Church put it: "He has outraged every ideal I have had regarding my sacred profession. But what does that count as against the results he has accomplished? My congregation will be increased by hundreds." As we have already said, Mr. Sunday is nothing if not strenuous. In the midst of a sermon he will take off his coat and waistcoat if he thinks his work is warming him overmuch. Further, he believes in advertising his mission by such means as the ox-drawn wagonette here illustrated, and the appointment of a giant as usher. In the same way, so long as he gets a response, he does not mind in what form it comes. The music at his meetings varies, for instance, from that produced by the human voice to that produced by the brass band, by combs and tissue-paper vigorously blown upon, and by whistling. It may be said, also, that Mr. Sunday does not work for money, though, of course, in the strict sense he lives by the Gospel. His sermons are compounds of slang and uncommon similes, and he is not a stickler for grammatical form.

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IT has come to the knowledge of the Directors of "THE SKETCH" that an unscrupulous person is going round the United States of America, offering special trial subscriptions of "THE SKETCH" and collecting certain sums of money to cover a year's subscription. The Directors beg to state most emphatically that neither they nor their agents, The International News Co., employ any canvassers to collect subscriptions.

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An Engagement of Convenience. Louis Zangwill. 6s.

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The Duke of Gandia. Algernon Charles Swinburne. 5s.

EVELEIGH NASH.
Sport and Life on the Pacific Slope. Horace Annesley Vachell. 7s. 6d. net.
Pedlar's Pack. Oliver Onions. 6s.

Voltaire, Montesquieu, and Rousseau in England. J. Churton Collins. 7s. 6d. net.

The Fifth Queen Crowned. Ford Madox Hueffer. 6s.

Diary of a Looker-On. C. Lewis Hind. 7s. 6d.

Philip Webley. Hon. John Harris. 1s. net.

The Pseudo-Occult. Hon. John Harris. 1s. net.

The Days of Fire. Countess Cromartie. 2s. 6d. net.

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Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the same risk.

April 15, 1908.

Signature.....

SMALL TALK



WIFE OF THE NEW PRIME MINISTER:

MRS. H. H. ASQUITH.

Photograph by Haines.

including the rising young barrister who recently married Miss Horner, Mrs. Asquith is like a beloved elder sister, and she has a little girl of her own, christened Elizabeth, to help her to do the honours of Downing Street. Surely never had Premier such a versatile wife. She dresses beautifully, writes and talks brilliantly, sings, acts, dances, plays several instruments, is a good linguist, gives wonderful dinners and country-house parties, rides well to hounds, is a good shot, does not shrink from a hard day's deer-stalking, and, last but not least, plays a good game of golf.

Lady Kerry. Lady Kerry, whose husband seemed likely to have a "walk-over" in the West Derbyshire election, is perhaps the prettiest of future Marchionesses. When she married Lord Kerry, four years ago, she was only eighteen, and had just "come out." The only daughter of Mr. E. S. Hope, C.B., Registrar of the Privy Council, she comes of the old Scottish family of the Hopes of Luffness. It was a happy circumstance that not only had a warm friendship existed between the mothers of the young couple for twenty years or more, but the fathers had been at Eton together. Lady Kerry is slender and graceful, with dark eyes and hair and a fair, clear complexion. She is very charming and accomplished, and not at all like the modern athletic type of young lady.

The "New Reynolds'" Discourses. Many congratulations will find

their way into the letter-bag of Mr. George Clausen on Saturday, which is the fifty-sixth anniversary of his birth. The felicitations will be the more hearty in view of the fact that this is his first year as the possessor of the magic initials, R.A. If he was not exactly a voice crying in the wilderness, at least he occupied for many years a position of peculiar isolation. One of the most talented artists of the age, he neither sought nor found favour with the powers that be at Burlington House. The tide turned there when all the studios of London had long resounded with his praise. He became an A.R.A.; he was appointed lecturer, and his admirers say that his utterances constitute

ONE OF THE PRETTIEST OF FUTURE MARCHIONESSES: LADY KERRY.

Photograph by Thonison.

AN ACTOR GRAND DUKE: THE GRAND DUKE OF HESSE.

The Grand Duke recently played the chief character in "The Drums of Oude," at a performance given at the New Palace, Darmstadt.



ONE OF THE PRETTIEST OF FUTURE MARCHIONESSES: LADY KERRY.

Photograph by Thonison.

the most interesting from a Royal Academician since the discourses of Reynolds. He is London bred and born, and as proud of that fact as artistic London is of him.

The Answer Pat.

What a difference a dozen years or so make in the life of a man. Fifteen years ago this week a gallant British force

was re-deeming Chitral, in the face of almost insuperable diffi-



THE NEW KNIGHT OF THE GARTER: THE EARL OF CREWE.

Photograph by Haines.

culties, from the clutches of the hardest fighting hillmen in all the world, and by so doing, giving full effect to the treaty which Sir Mortimer Durand had previously negotiated. The interval has been an eventful one for him. Since then he has represented the Crown in Madrid, Teheran, and Washington. Now, at fifty-eight, he surveys the progress of the world from the peace and seclusion of private life, whence he emerges at intervals to delight us with a chapter or two from his varied and fascinating experiences. They cherish many of his good sayings in Washington, none more than a reply of his to an inquisitive lady who wished to know why the Irish favoured the Russians in the war with Japan. "Oh, that is because they firmly believe General Kuropatkin has Irish blood in his veins," he answered. "Have you not noticed how he spells the third syllable of his name?"

Premiers as Godfathers. Sir Reginald Talbot, who is coming

home from his post as Governor of Victoria, has taught the good people of Melbourne one thing — the significance of the name of their city. He found that, though Melbourne is named after the first Prime Minister and early friend of the Queen, from whom the colony took its name, very few people knew whence the style was derived. He repaired the omission by having a replica of the portrait of Lord Melbourne in the National Gallery painted, and presented to the Lord Mayor and Corporation of Melbourne. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was not Premier long enough to be honoured by the adoption of his name for a province or city; neither, of course, has Mr. Asquith been. Mr. Balfour is, however, godfather to three places in the Colonies; while his uncle and predecessor gave his title to the bulk of the seventeen places named Salisbury. Gladstone lives in the style of half-a-score of cities; while Palmerston is remembered by the title of a round dozen towns and other places. Russell describes twenty-four centres of population; Peel stands for fifteen; while Wellington, twenty-three times represented, is remembered again by fifteen Waterloos.

THE CLUBMAN

THE SIMPLICITY OF SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN—THE MARQUET CASE—ODDS AGAINST PLAYERS AT OSTEND AND MONTE CARLO—BACCARAT IN FRENCH CLUBS.

SOMETIMES very small things give one an idea of the character of a man. I crossed the Channel to Boulogne once on the same boat as Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who was on his way to Biarritz. He had not troubled to have a cabin reserved, and, but for the fact that the Captain recognised him and asked him to come up on to the bridge, there would have been no more attention paid to him than to any other passenger. At Boulogne, I had secured beforehand the little salon at the railway refreshment-room, for I had two men lunching with me, but I told the officials at the buffet that if the Prime Minister wished to eat his meal in private, the room was very much at his service. He would not hear of my giving up the room, sent genial thanks for the offer, and said he was perfectly happy in the restaurant. Had Major Stevens, the South-Eastern Company's agent, not told the French officials who was on their train, "C.B." would have gone on to Paris in a crowded compartment. When a man for whom every luxury and all possible privacy when travelling would have been secured for the asking does not care to avail himself of the privileges of his great position it is a sure proof of his kindly simplicity of character.

There seems to be much talk of law just now in connection with gaming on the Continent. The Travellers' Club of Paris case, which club proprietors are watching with much interest, has a side connection with baccarat, and all Belgium is much interested in the Marquet case, which turns on the legality or illegality of the gaming at the Ostend Casino. It seems curious that mathematicians should be hopelessly at variance as to the chances the player has against the banker at baccarat played under the conditions which prevail at Ostend, yet all the most eminent professors of mathematics in Belgium have contradicted each other point blank in the trial which is being conducted at Bruges. Whatever the result of that trial may be, it is expected that an appeal will be made to a higher Court.

At Ostend the dealer of the cards at baccarat plays against only one holder of the cards. In France the game is only legal when the dealer plays against two holders of cards—one at each end of the table. To men who do not study the odds at games of chance it would not seem to matter much whether a dealer encountered one adversary, backed by all who sit at both sides of the table, or two adversaries, each backed by his own side of the table; but any baccarat-player will soon dispel this heresy, though he will assuredly differ from every other baccarat-player in his estimate of the odds.

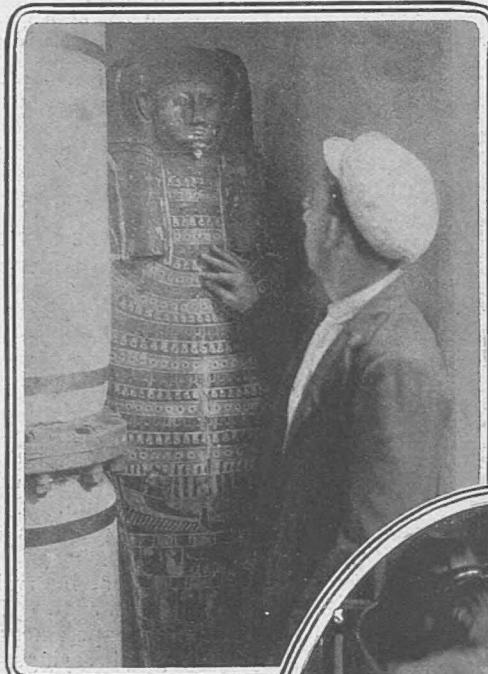
The disputes which rage round the odds at baccarat are as nothing to those which are stirred up by discussions as to the chances against the players at roulette and trente-et-quarante. Sir Hiram Maxim has written a book to prove that when a man puts a counter, representing one hundred francs, on an even chance on the trente-et-quarante table it is worth only ninety-nine francs. When, however, considerations as to the *refaits* and the influence of the zero come into calculation, one is lost in a maze of figures, and each mathematician seems to find a different answer to the same sum.

One result of these variations is the wonderful systems which are continually being discovered, which, if a man plays them steadily, ensure his winning every day! I have been so often assured by men at Monte Carlo that, with capital and brains, a small sum daily can be won at Monte Carlo, that I almost believe it to be a truth; but this, I am also told, can only be done if health and nerve can hold out against the bad air and heat of the room, and if the croupiers do not spin or deal too quickly to allow the player to make his calculation. The verdict against the men who try to make money safely at Monte Carlo seemed to me to be given by a banker, who, having told me that a careful man might make three louis a day playing at Monte Carlo, added that the man with nerve and brain to do this would assuredly be able to earn five louis a day by some other occupation.

The rules as to gaming in French clubs are very strict, and no better example of the pitfalls which await the unwary who do not know them all could be found than the disagreeable experience of the American banker who, having joined the committee of a French club in which baccarat was played, was ordered to leave French soil at once because he had no registered address in France.

It is always said in France that no club can exist without the *cagnotte*—the percentage the club draws from every bank at baccarat, but the Travellers in Paris and the British Club in that capital have proved that this is not a fact. The French Government really drives the clubs in France to encourage baccarat, for it takes half the subscriptions of the members, leaving the club managers to carry on the clubs with only half of the money paid in.

The Travellers have met this difficulty cleverly by organising a British company as well as a French club, and the greater portion of the total that the members pay to this joint concern goes to the credit of the British undertaking, which is free from the exactions of the French tax-gatherer.



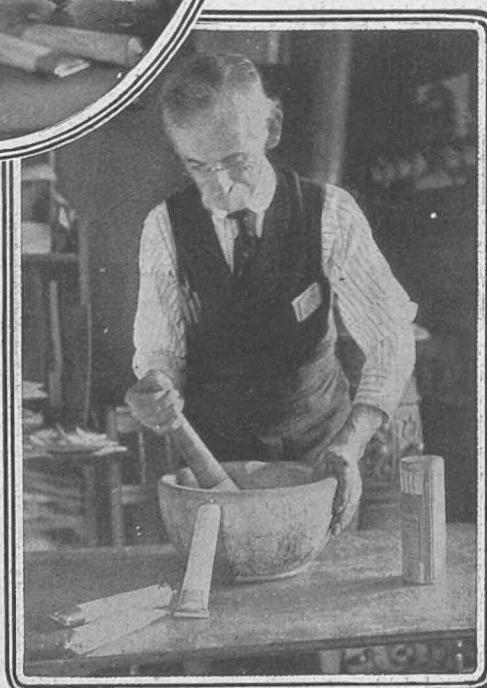
EXAMINING A MUMMY.

GROUND Egyptian mummy forms the pigment in several paints favoured by European and American artists. In Philadelphia and Boston there are factories in which this mummy-paint is made secretly in large quantities.



PACKING MUMMY-PAINT.

The mummies are imported from Egypt, and ground up in America. Years ago artists discovered that with powdered mummy—or, as it used to be called, "Egyptian dust"—they could secure the rich brown paint which turns to gold in sunlight.

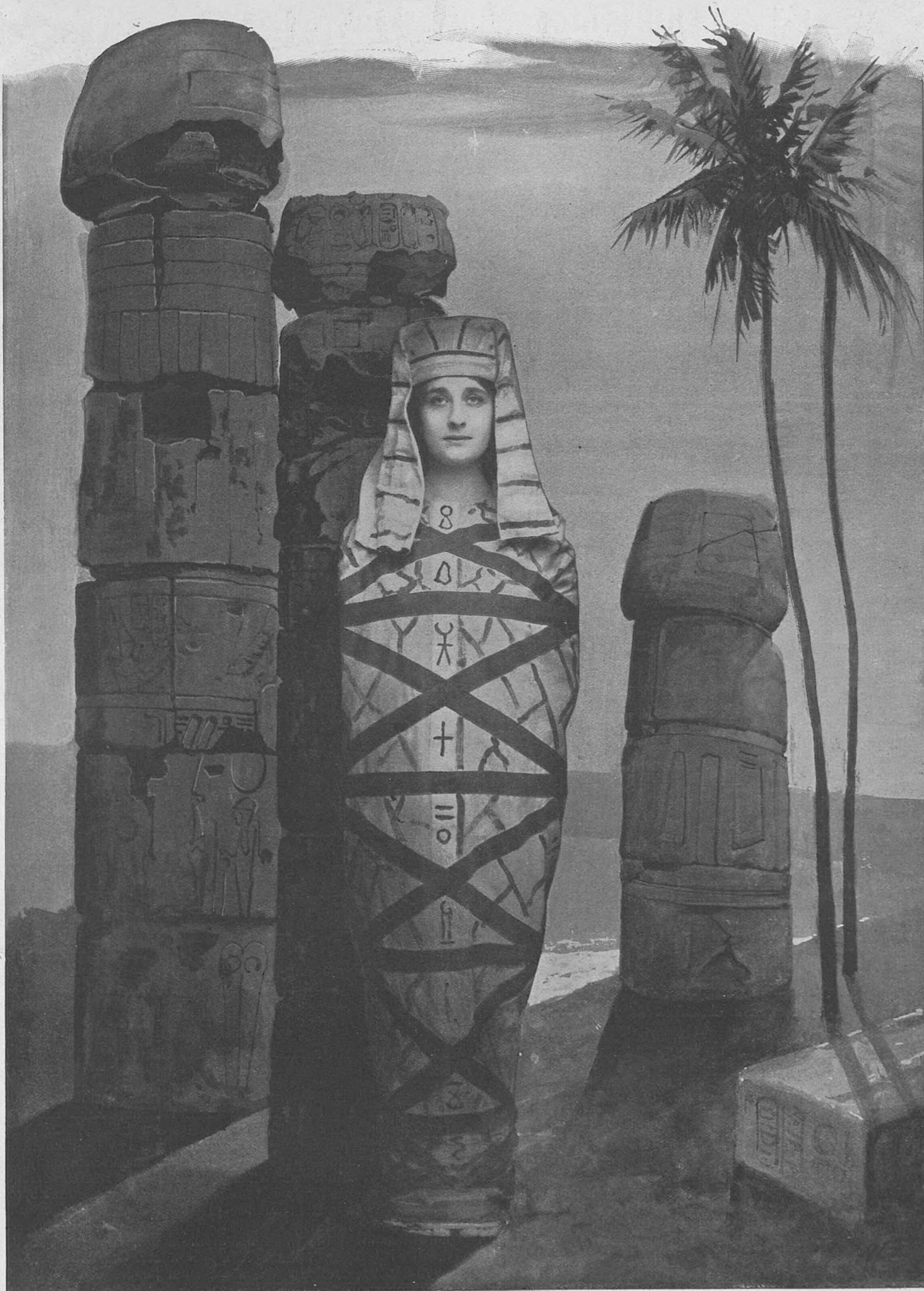


GRINDING PIECES OF MUMMY.
AS MUMMY MAKES IT! MANUFACTURING PAINT FROM GROUND EGYPTIAN MUMMIES.

Apparently the first mummy-paint made in America was manufactured in 1843, when an entry in the books of a Philadelphia firm acknowledged the receipt of two mummies at £46 1s., 10 lb. of mummy-(Thebes) at £1 4s., and 12 lb. of mummy (Memphis) at 14s. It need hardly be said that mummy-paint is exceedingly expensive.

Photographs by the Union Bureau of News.

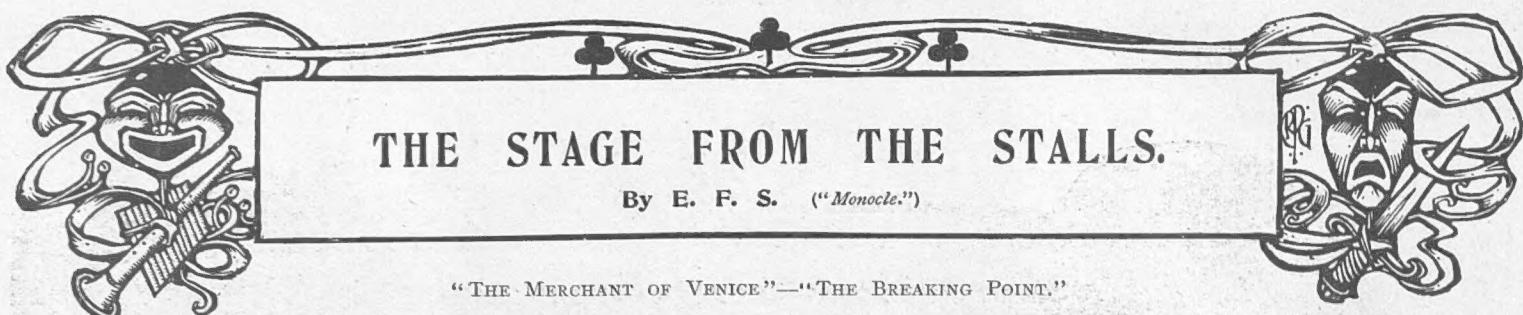
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL MUMMY IN THE WORLD.



LA BELLE LEONORA AS NAUTCHY SAL IN "SAL-OH-MY."

La Belle Leonora is burlesquing Miss Maud Allan's Salome dance at the Alhambra in the new "Musical Etcetera," "Sal-Oh-My." She makes her first appearance in the guise here shown.

Setting by "The Sketch"; photograph specially taken for "The Sketch" by Bassano.



"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE"—"THE BREAKING POINT."

IT is agreeable to see that opinions are almost unanimously favourable concerning Mr. Tree's Shylock, which, I think, is one of the most admirable achievements in his career. Comparisons have been drawn between it and Irving's Jew of Venice, and not uselessly. There are differences between the two, not in degree of merit, but in conception, that throw an interesting light upon the character, which probably never will be acted entirely in accordance with the ideas of the dramatist. It was difficult to reconcile the poetic, dignified Lyceum Shylock of the trial scene with the actual facts of the case; nor, indeed, is it easy to believe that Mr. Tree's Jew lacked the pluck of the thousands of other Jews and tens of thousands of Christians who have died rather than renounce their religion. There are moments when one feels so strongly the incongruity of the consent and conversion of the money-lender, when rendered according to modern traditions, as to wonder whether it would not be justifiable to omit the few phrases concerning the conversion; and this, after all, would be a trifle compared with the suggestion of one critic that the last act should be omitted altogether, a suggestion for which I think there is some excuse, seeing how ineffective the last act was at His Majesty's, and how long the play was. For it must be said regretfully that Mr. Tree almost arrived at the position of the French star, of *moi-même et quelques poupees*.

It was a very notable Shylock—certainly the finest of the many I have seen since the unsuccessful

performance of Coghlan at the Prince of Wales's about thirty-three years ago—if one leaves out of the question the very different Shylock of Irving. To me the specific racial touches, ingeniously introduced, were of great value, it being clearly the intention of the dramatist strongly to insist upon the Jewishness of Shylock; and I think the rendering of the clothes a valuable piece of stage business—almost as effective as the physical act of spitting by Shylock at the idea of Antonio in the first act. In the trial scene the actor's remarkable power showed itself nowhere more strongly than in the fact that he was able to represent the fawning, servile Jew cringing at the tribunal in his prayer for justice without seeming comic, or destroying by anticipation the pathos of the situation of the old man who suddenly finds everything in the world swept away from him by an abominable trifling quibble of the lawyers, a quibble which no modern playwright would venture to employ except in farce. Another fact to be noted is that for once Mr. Tree was able to do justice to himself on a first night.

What a gap between Mr. Tree and his company! Miss Alexandra Carlisle is a very clever, charming young lady who has rushed into well-deserved popularity, and her Portia was a fairly creditable effort; but our stage must be as poor as some pretend if she was anything like the best Portia available. Her sincerity and natural grace did not take her very far in her difficult task of presenting a fascinating creature whose lines are set in lovely verse.

Some will think that Mr. Frederick Harrison has had excellent reason for thanking the Censor, whose timely interference prevented him from fulfilling his alleged promise to produce "The Breaking Point." It is to be hoped that he will prove his gratitude some day by presenting a play of value a little off his beaten track. Of course, I am well aware of rumours that the Vedrenne management is going to work in co-operation with him, but the old birds doubt any canard connected with theatrical matters. Such a triumvirate might be very successful. Certainly the manager of the Haymarket has cause for gratitude, assuming that he had pledged himself to produce "The Breaking Point" in the ordinary course of affairs. For Mr. Edward Garnett's play is the respectable, sincere, rather audacious, ineffective kind of work that appeals neither to the ordinary playgoer nor to those in search of strange sensations. I do not think it would shock anybody; I doubt whether



MR. W. R. CREIGHTON AS THE PRINCE OF ARRAGON.

MR. LEON M. LION AS TUBAL.

MR. CHARLES QUARTERMAINE AS GRATIANO.

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE." AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

Photographs by F. W. Burford.

it deeply interested anybody; I am sure it thrilled nobody. We listened to the sad story of the young lady who was as unstable as water, and discussed a few minutes, after the play was over, the question whether she fell into the river unintentionally or committed suicide; but I doubt whether anybody cared. There is a certain amount of ability in the play: some passages of dialogue are excellently written, and there are suggestions here and there of real character; but the piece was as dead as Queen Anne before it began. The cast contained some excellent players, but notwithstanding the traditions of the Stage Society, for once they failed to distinguish themselves. Even Mr. C. V. France seemed uninteresting, and Mr. William Farren junior, despite his skill, was but moderately effective; while an able performance by Mrs. Charles Maltby made little impression. Some ability was exhibited by the slightly monotonous work of Miss Bruce Joy in the character of Grace Elwood—I fancy it was impossible to make it quite interesting; nor should the meritorious work of Mr. Douglas Gordon be overlooked.

THE MEN IN THE WHITE MASKS : DETECTIVES WHO HIDE THEIR FACES FROM FELONS.



PARADING A PRISONER BEFORE DETECTIVES, WHO ARE MASKED SO THAT THE MAN MAY NOT RECOGNISE THEM ON FUTURE OCCASIONS.

It is well known that the police detective carries in his mind pictures of many noted criminals, but it is recognised less thoroughly that the criminal, too, has a memory for faces, and is very often able to see in an apparently innocent individual one who seeks to arrest him. To lessen the possibility of this, the police of Philadelphia cause their detectives to wear white masks while prisoners are being paraded before them.—[Photograph by P. F. Press Bureau.]

FREE FROM THE CENSOR: PLOTS FROM PARIS.

"LES JUMEAUX DE
BRIGHTON."
By *Tristan Bernard.*
Théâtre Antoine.

Beaugérard's first and great mistake, of course, was in having twins. And when you come to think of it, that was to some extent his good wife's fault as well. The lesser mistake, and the second one, was the nurse's. You know the poem—

In form and feature, face and limb, I grew so like my brother,
That folks kept taking me for him, and each for one another.
One day, to make the matter worse, before our names were fixed,
As we were being washed by nurse, we got completely mixed.

That is what happened in the prologue. We did not see the mixing process on the stage, because Paris likes its undressed babies at a later date in their little lives. Besides, Beaugérard's twins were both of them boys. Now, Beaugérard's uncle had a fortune and fads; one of the fads was that the fortune should not be divided. It should be left to Beaugérard's boy; but there were to be no more boys, please. As the poor fellow had already begun with two, he was afraid to say so. He christened both the babes Alcide, and got a friend of his called Roberdet to take one of them—Alcide I., if I may so express it—off to his home in Havre. And when this had been done, the curtain dropped upon the prologue.

When it crawled slowly up and disclosed the scene of Act I., we found ourselves on the Place de Tankarville, at Havre. It was some thirty-five years later. Alcide I. had had time to grow a beard, become a successful local lawyer, and—a little less successfully—to marry. His wife, Clémentine, was a shrew, his mother-in-law was another, and his neighbour (who was also his guardian and the obliging friend of the prologue) Roberdet was having his floor varnished, had grown a long grey beard, and was going out for an all-day sail. He was not going because he loved the sea so much as because he wanted to think things over. The grand-uncle of the twins was dead. So was old Beaugérard. But Alcide I. and Alcide II. (the latter of whom was on his way home from America) had no notion of one another's existence, and would have to be told, and old Roberdet wanted to puzzle out ways and means in such peace as the Atlantic Ocean would give him.

Now, Alcide I. had another neighbour on the Place de Tankarville besides old Roberdet. And when I caught my first glimpse of her, it struck me that the Place de Tankarville might be quite a nice little place to stay in. Mademoiselle Nancy de Nancy would, I take it, be described as an "actress" in quotation-marks, and had no visible means of support. Which possibly accounted for the fact that, whenever Madame Clémentine, the wife of Alcide the First's bosom, proved rather a thorn in his side (you will forgive me if my anatomy be faulty) Alcide I.'s eyes, in turning up to heaven, occasionally stopped just far enough short of it to glance in at Mlle. Nancy de Nancy's first-floor windows.

Now Labrosse, a bachelor friend of Alcide I., had a fondness for other people's meals, when these were good. He was on Alcide Beaugérard's doorstep, and meant to invite himself to lunch, when Alcide himself came out, shut the door with a bang, and talked of his wife as no gentleman should. At least, that is the way Mme. Turpin, his mother-in-law, put it. "For two pius, I would go and lunch with Nancy," remarked Alcide I. angrily. And then that charming little lady appeared on her balcony, invited the angry husband in, and gave Labrosse an invitation too. "Go down town and buy some *pâté de foie* and Beaugérard, and Labrosse went. But Alcide I. had to go down town too, and lose a case in the local Court, before he could have lunch; and scarcely had he gone than Alcide Beaugérard II. came. He had landed from New York, with great expectations, no clothes, and a faithful valet, Francis, to look after them. He too wore a beard, he looked as like his brother as H.R.H. the Prince of Wales resembles H.I.M. the Tsar, and, as he left New York in a frantic hurry and a shabby suit, he had bought ready-made clothes from the very M. Hyams du Havre who had supplied Alcide I. with a suit of the same cut and colour.

Wherefore, when Miss Nancy de Nancy saw him, she welcomed him effusively, said he was a dear boy and had been wonderfully quick, and suggested a cocktail before lunch. Alcide II. had, of course, no notion what she meant, but he had been too long in the United States to refuse the cocktail. Just as he was going into Mlle. de Nancy's house, Labrosse returned and said that he had such a thirst. "Take it away and drown it somewhere else," was Alcide II.'s rudest of rude rejoinders. Of course, not knowing that he had a brother, he could not be aware that that brother was a friend of Labrosse, and had invited him to lunch. But Labrosse was annoyed, meant mischief, and the Place de Tankarville was small.

And then, little by little, things hummed somewhat. Mme. Alcide I., annoyed that hubby should be lunching opposite, expostulated with Alcide II. He answered her so strangely that she thought him crazy. Nancy, confiding little soul, had given Alcide II. a cheap gold bangle to have a hundred-guinea diamond put into it. Alcide I., who never had the bangle, obviously was puzzled when she

asked him for it, and she thought him a bold, bad man whose beard and words were soft as silk, but whose custom it was to rhyme with it. So Alcide II. was made a prisoner by his brother's wife in his brother's library, and Alcide I. was made a prisoner by his pretty neighbour's cook in his pretty neighbour's cellar. And before these things happened, many other little incidents occurred which show how awkward twinship may become. As for Labrosse, he got no luncheon that day, and would have got no dinner either, had not old man Roberdet come back from his sea trip, and cleared the matter up.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL.



A FAIR STAR OF THE FRENCH STAGE: MLLÉ. LANTELME.

Photograph by Rendlinger.

WHAT'S IN A NAME? AUTOGRAPH FACES.



SIR JOHN HARE -
- AS ECCLES IN "CASTE"



MR RICHARD BUHLIG -
- THE WELL-KNOWN PIANIST



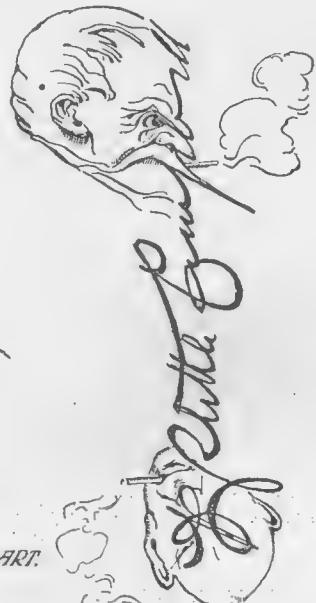
MR FRED TERRY -
- AS HIMSELF, AND AS THE HAG
IN "THE SCARLET PINPERNEL".



MR GEORGE GROSSMITH -
- "THE SOCIETY CLOWN"



MR ALFRED BISHOP -
- IN A TYPICAL ALFRED BISHOP PART



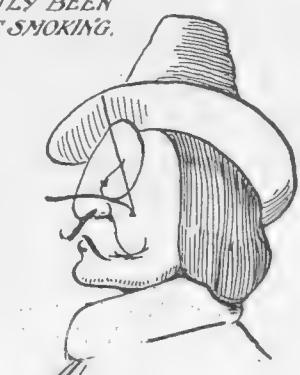
MRS PATRICK CAMPBELL -
- WHO HAS RECENTLY BEEN
WORRIED ABOUT SMOKING.



MISS IRENE VANBRUGH -
- IN THE "THIEF". SHE IS HAUNTED BY
BROKER'S-MAN AND MONEY-LENDER



MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE -
- ENTHUSIASTICALLY NOT A PORTRAIT



MR JAN HAMBOURG -
- THE WELL-KNOWN VIOLINIST.



MISS MARIE HALL -
- THE FAMOUS VIOLINIST.

THE SIGNATURES OF SOME CELEBRITIES, AND THE FACES THAT MAY BE MADE OF THEM.

The old trick of writing a name on a slip of paper, doubling the paper while the ink is wet, and thus securing a species of skeleton man, has been superseded by the ingenious method of turning autographs into faces which is here illustrated. We may say that the exceptionally good examples given are the work of Mr. Caleb Porter, the well-known actor.



A POPULAR MEMBER OF MILITARY SOCIETY: MRS. LAURENCE DRUMMOND.

Photograph by Amy Cassels.

straight from Paris to Biarritz. Her Imperial Majesty has undoubtedly greatly enjoyed her visit to England—indeed, it has given the whole nation real pleasure to see the delight which the royal sisters have in being together and in going about and seeing all the sights. Not least have they valued the society of the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales, who are, as is well known, being admirably brought up.

Mrs. Laurence Drummond. Mrs. Laurence Drummond, who is so popular in military society, is

the daughter of the late Mr. Hugh Lindsay, and a cousin of Lady Minto's. She is married to that gallant soldier, Colonel Laurence George Drummond, C.B., who was Colonel of the battalion of the Scots Guards which was disbanded in 1906, and now has a War Office billet as Assistant Staff Officer to General French.

Buchuanaland, Ashanti, the Soudan, and finally South Africa—these are the war services which Colonel Drummond has to his credit. Mrs. Drummond has two sons and one daughter.

A Charming Diamond. At the wedding of Lord Errington and Lady Ruby Elliot, general admiration was expressed for Miss Diamond Hardinge, one of the child bridesmaids. This happy little girl is the only daughter of the eminent diplomatist, Sir Charles Hardinge, and her mother is Lord Alington's sister and Queen Alexandra's Lady-of-the-Bedchamber. Miss Diamond is eight years old, and is the great pet of her elder brothers, who are sixteen and fourteen respectively.

Lady Paget. Several ladies are entitled to call themselves Lady Paget, but they would assuredly yield the primacy among them to the brilliant American who won her social triumphs as Mrs. Arthur Paget before her husband was knighted.

THE ONLY INHABITANT AND GOVERNOR OF THE GLORIOSA ISLANDS.

Our photograph shows M. Caltaux, who is not only Governor of the Gloriosa Islands, but their only inhabitant. It is his business to guard the French flag, which has floated over the islands since 1892. The Gloriosa Islands are a small group in the Mozambique Channel, Indian Ocean, one hundred miles from the northern extremity of Madagascar.

Photograph by G. Chusseau-Flavens.

A GEM AMONG CHILDREN: MISS DIAMOND HARDINGE, DAUGHTER OF SIR CHARLES HARDINGE.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

afterwards married. in the House of Lords has won the admiration of friends and (political) foes alike.

Lord Tweedmouth, K.T. The new Knight

Thistle, in succession to Lord Linlithgow, is Lord Tweedmouth, and the appointment may perhaps be regarded as a sort of vindication of the First Lord of the Admiralty in the matter of the much-discussed correspondence with the German Emperor. Lord Tweedmouth, too, has won the gratitude of the Liberal party ever since the days when, as Mr. Edward Marjoribanks, he acted as the ever-vigilant and courteous Whip, shepherding the Liberal hosts in the lobbies. Though he has sold Guisachan to Lord Portsmouth (the Under-Secretary of State for War), Lord Tweedmouth still owns six thousand acres in Berwickshire, and will wear the green riband of the great Scottish Order of chivalry with all imaginable grace.

CROWNS, CORONETS, & COURTIERS

IT is now thought that the Queen and the Empress Marie will leave London for the Continent on the 18th. Queen Alexandra will be joined in Paris by King Edward, and their Majesties will then pay their postponed visits to the Courts of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. The Empress Marie will, it is understood, go

The daughter of Mrs. Paran Stevens, who had a real *salon* in New York, she was brought up in an atmosphere of culture, and her marriage to Lord Alfred Paget's eldest son introduced her into the most exclusive circle of English Society. She was an immediate

success;

their Ma-

jes t i e s sh o w e d the beau-

tiful and

clever American hostess marked favour, and the King stood godfather to her eldest child. Not long ago, it will be remembered, Sir Arthur and Lady Paget's only daughter, Leila, married her cousin, Mr. Ralph Paget, who is British Minister to Siam.

ONE OF THE GREATEST OF LONDON HOSTESSES: LADY PAGET.

Photograph by Alice Hughes.

The Earl of Crewe, whose portrait is given on another page of this issue, will be generally congratulated on his receiving the riband of the Garter. It is quite in the modern way to give this most exclusive and coveted Order on the score of merit; it used to be given for quite other reasons! But Lord Crewe is one of the most conspicuous successes of the Liberal Government. He is only fifty this year, and everyone will recollect his term of office as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. That was in the Ministry of Lord Rosebery, whose daughter, Lady Peggy Primrose, he More recently his conduct of difficult Bills



THE SHELL-KING OF ENGLAND IN FULL DRESS.

This old gentleman is well known in the neighbourhood of Portsmouth and Southsea as the "Shell-King of England," on account of his wonderful collection of shells, which includes some millions of specimens and some scores of articles of shell furniture and ornaments. When exhibiting his collection (which he does in aid of charities, &c.), he assumes one of his numerous shell dresses.—[Photograph by Collins.]

Club Badges: "The Sketch's" Special Series.



V. THE CITY CARLTON.

Photograph of Miss Daisy Williams by S. Elwin Neame; of the Room by Campbell-Gray.



BY ERNEST A. BRYANT.

Hatted History.

The tall hat, which a contemporary proposes light-heartedly to abolish, has played its part in recent history among a people who would as one man have hailed with joy emancipation from its tyrant weight. Forty years ago, the Poles were looking for the day which never dawned—the day of freedom from Russian bondage. Hope deferred made the heart of Poland sick, and the people unanimously went into mourning; they obliterated every sign of joy, closed the theatres, walked in darkness of raiment. At last the voice of Russia was heard. Count Berg came out with the jolliest proclamation. Except for a funeral, no man should any more wear mourning. The theatres should open, and Poland, whether she wished it or not, should be right glad, and her people garbed in robes of gladness. Special attention must be given to the hat. "The tall hat is the cylinder of civilisation," said the Count; therefore every man must wear it. And every man covered his head with the hat of silk, that that head might continue to crown his shoulders.

Short Reckonings and Long.

The picture of the Royal Commissioners clearing their room the other day, that they might by personal experiment ascertain what is what in whisky, must have appealed to men who drink this beverage. But it is stolen waters that are sweet, according to an authority who recked not of free samples of the wines of Scotland and Ireland. In the latter land the saying was verified at the table of a nobleman who, though sadly impoverished, entertained his guests with the finest of claret. Whisky-punch, they kindly told him, would have sufficed. That was just what he could not afford, he answered. They gazed in surprise at the costly claret, and he, interpreting their looks, explained. The claret, he said, came from London *on credit*. For punch he would have to get lemons from the local shopkeepers for cash. "I cannot do that—ready money for lemons would break me in no time," he sighed.

The Inverted Browning.

Mr. Birrell's new essay on Browning must be a little disconcerting to disciples of the poet who believe that every line he wrote will live. An earlier essay from the same gifted pen has won possibly more readers for Browning than the society called by his name. But even Mr. Birrell wonders, as to some of the shorter poems, whether there be not something wrong with the punctuation to make such desperate reading. No sworn Browningite would admit either faulty punctuation or difficulty of reading. A typical case was that of the man who declared to Herman Merivale that Browning is like a stream of crystal to those with souls

of sympathy. For answer, Merivale took up the poems and read aloud a passage of blank verse, with all due emphasis, then asked if his friend honestly understood it. The other shrugged his shoulders, replying that of course he did, but he could not help his questioner if he did not. Whereupon Merivale explained that he had carefully read the passage in inverted form, from the bottom of the page upward!

An Electrifying Discovery.

The lecture of Professor Reinke, eminent biologist though he be, fails, as recent laboratory experiments failed, to bring us any nearer the solution of the problem as to the origin of life. The grand discovery seems as far off as in Pasteur's youth, when a wisp of hay and a pinch of black pepper in a bucket of water were deemed to possess the key. Many men still recall the time when Andrew Crosse, in his quiet Somersetshire home, was shaking the world with the story of animal life created by passing slow currents of electricity through mineral matter. Lyon Playfair went with bated breath to behold the marvels, but looked in vain for signs of life amid the phenomena. The savant reserved for the last his most conclusive evidence. From beneath one of the jars he took something which he claimed to be an electrical production. Playfair examined it for a moment,



EASTER IN RUSSIA: A PRIEST SPRINKLING THE EASTER CAKES AND OTHER FOOD WITH HOLY WATER ON EASTER EVE.

On Easter Eve the poorer classes in Russia bring their food to places set apart in front of the churches, that it may be blessed by the priests.

In the case of the moneyed classes, the priests go to the houses and bless the food there.—[Photograph by Drankow.]

then explained that it was neither more nor less than a common woodlouse, which was living the happiest of lives in the decaying wood of the table to which it had come from the outside world.

The Schoolmaster at Home.

If the Bill to prevent smoking by boys prove half the nuisance to the police which its opponents predict, it might be better to adopt the rule which George Augustus Sala's schoolmaster enforced. Three Spanish boys, who were believed by their master to have been weaned on tobacco, were permitted to enjoy the weed, with the result that the other boys surreptitiously followed these privileged aliens' lead. "It is astounding, at fourteen years of age," Sala discovered, "how much agony of heart, brain, and stomach can be got out of one penny Pickwick." That, however, did not wholly satisfy the schoolmaster. He simply made the cheerful announcement that any boy detected in smoking would not necessarily be caned, but that on three alternate days for a week following the discovery of his offence he would be supplied, at 1 p.m., with a new tobacco-pipe and half an ounce of prime shag in lieu of dinner. From that moment there were so few cases of unlicensed smoking in the school that the plan might be worth a national trial.

THE TEN-TOWNS-IN-TEN-MINUTES TOUR:
QUICK RETURN; SMALL PROFIT.

ETHEL, HER FRIEND: And did you go to Rome?

GRACE (*whose quick tour left little time for the noting of details*): I really don't know.
You see, my husband always took the tickets.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



MISS AIMÉE DE BURGH, who made an undoubted "hit" in Mr. Granville Barker's "Waste" and is now acting in "The Woman of Kronstadt," found the path to the stage by no means strewn with roses. She was a very small child, living in Glasgow, when, one day, having been stage-struck for some time, she noticed, in passing one of the theatres, a placard stating that a hundred children were wanted for the forthcoming pantomime. Without more ado, she marched boldly in and offered her services, with those of her younger brother and sister, who happened to be with her. The manager, taken, no doubt, by the independence of the child, engaged her forthwith. She went home in great glee and told her mother. Her mother resolutely refused to sanction the proceeding, and at once went off and told the manager so. Nothing daunted, however, some six months later, Miss de Burgh, taking her walks abroad near a field in which some strolling players had erected a booth, noticed that they wanted a child for a performance they were giving that day. Again she went up and offered her services. She was at once engaged. Profiting by experience, she did not go home and announce the fact to her mother. Instead, she began rehearsing for the performance. Then she was dressed up in her costume—that of a Highland boy—in order to take part in the parade which preceded the show. When luncheon-time came and she did not return home, her mother began to be anxious, and wondered where she could be. One member of the family, knowing the little girl's predilection for the place where the strolling players acted, suggested that she might be found there. Accordingly, Mrs. de Burgh started thither. When she arrived she beheld her daughter ready made-up for the performance, standing in front of the booth, where one of the actors was beating the big drum to attract the notice of the passers-by. To make a scene at that moment was impossible. Mrs. de Burgh therefore bided her time. Presently the usual procession, headed by the man with the drum, started. As it came near where she was standing, Mrs. de Burgh seized her daughter, put her into the cab which she had in waiting, and drove her home, kilt, make-up, and all.

Miss Eva Moore commences to-day, with a flying matinée at Bournemouth, a career as manageress which her many friends and admirers will join in hoping is the beginning of a future permanent establishment in London. The play she has selected is "Grierson's Way," by her husband, Mr. H. V. Esmond. This he has long regarded as the best piece of work he has

done, and he himself is lending distinction to the enterprise by taking his original part, which he acted when the play was first produced some nine years ago at some special matinées at the Haymarket, and Miss Lena Ashwell appeared in the part Miss Moore is now undertaking. This play, by the way, was subsequently accepted by Miss Julia Marlowe for America. Mrs. Esmond has so often been seen in the leading rôle in her husband's plays that many people have assumed that he always writes it especially for her. This is an error into which even journalists have fallen. The result of it has been a joke in Mrs. Esmond's private circle, for she always declares that Mr. Esmond's heroines are "tall, beautiful women with a passionate nature." When it comes to casting them, however, and he cannot find the actress he wants, he ends with, "Oh, I say, Eva, you will have to play this." And Mrs. Esmond plays it.

Mr. Esmond the dramatist, as opposed to Mr. Esmond the actor, could, if he chose, contribute an amusing incident to a chapter which some historian of the theatre might write on successes which have been forced on actors and managers. This concerned his play, "One Summer's Day," in which, at the Comedy, Miss Eva Moore achieved her first great success in his work. Mr. Charles Hawtrey was then the manager of that theatre, and he had had the manuscript in his possession for some months. One day Mr. Esmond, tired of waiting, went down to the office and told Mr. Hawtrey that he was going to hear the play. The actor-manager shook his head, and with the absolute assurance which is so characteristic of his manner on the stage, said that he could not by any possibility do it. "To-morrow, at twelve," said Mr. Esmond, as he left the office. It was in vain that Mr. Hawtrey declared he had another appointment. The next day at twelve Mr. Esmond was at the theatre. So was Mr. Hawtrey. After the first act Mr. Hawtrey said it was no use to him. "You are going to hear it to the end," said Mr. Esmond with quiet insistence, "for I said I was going to read it to you." When the pathetic scenes came tears stood in Mr. Hawtrey's eyes, and when Mr. Esmond closed the manuscript Mr. Hawtrey was so enthusiastic that he declared he would do it in a fortnight. It was Mr. Esmond's turn to shake his head. "You won't do it for three months," he replied. It was the middle of June, and he knew better than to risk producing the play and handicapping it by running it through the dog-days.



MR. WM. RILEY HATCH IN PRIVATE LIFE.



MR. WM. RILEY HATCH AS TAB-Y-WANA.

A WHITE MAN AS A RED MAN: A STUDY IN MAKE-UP AT THE LYRIC.

Photograph No. 1 by Sykes.



MR. NORMAN MCKINNEL AS POLICE CONSTABLE FELLOWES IN "DIANA OF DOBSON'S."



MISS GERTRUDE SCOTT AS MRS. WHYTE FRASER IN "DIANA OF DOBSON'S."

PROMINENT PLAYERS AT THE KINGSWAY: MR. AND MRS. NORMAN MCKINNEL.

Mr. McKinnel, it may be noted, is producer to Miss Lena Ashwell. The value of his work in this capacity, as well as the value of his acting, may be estimated by the great success of Miss Ashwell's management.

Photographs by the Dover Street Studios.

Photographs by the Dover Street Studios.

Otho the Ornithologist.

IV.—IN THE GUISE OF A GLOW-WORM, OTHO SPIES UPON THE NIGHT-JAR.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

SUNDAY has recently been a great day for news. The resignation of one Prime Minister and the nomination of another has justified a special edition of Sunday papers, while on another First-day came the news of the Portuguese assassinations. St. Aldegonde, as we all know, complained of the dulness of Sunday, and, being overheard by the Bishop, hastened to qualify the statement by the addition of the words "Sunday in a country house." St. Aldegonde was studied from the Duke of Devonshire—the Duke who was to be the occasion of making even duller the dull Sunday on which we read the account of his funeral. The Duke, by the way, had a liking for the sketch of himself in "Lothair," and it is a pity that none of his newspaper biographers noticed that, almost alone among Disraeli's political opponents, he never gave him an unkind or an unjust word.

In his "Sybil" Disraeli has a now almost forgotten allusion to Chatsworth. "Think of twenty Chatsworths as monasteries in a single county," says one of his characters, who held monasticism in as great homage as did Cobbett. Another allusion in serious literature to the late Duke is that of Lowell, who praises President Lincoln for having called Lord Hartington "Mr. Partington" through an evening. And why? Because Lord Hartington had appeared wearing the Confederate badge at a Federal reception.

The late Duke's yawn during one of his speeches is still made the occasion of conflicting paragraphs. Mr. Lucy thinks he yawned it for him. I do not grudge him the invention, but what was an imagination in him may easily in the Duke have been a fact. The legend is a very old one. It used to be told that during his first speech he had thus distinguished himself; and that Disraeli, on perceiving this barely suppressed indication of boredom, whispered to a colleague, "He'll do."

The lamentations over Sir James Knowles in the current *Nineteenth Century* are themselves lamentable. Sir James was the soul of geniality, and he had the knack of knowing the men he wanted for his review. But there is no need to labour the tribute; and Sir James would have wished his old contributors to be silent altogether rather than say too much. Sir James was shrewd and tactful; but he was no discoverer, and he never trusted his own judgment on anything on which the popular verdict had not been declared. He admired Millais because he was Millais; and he talked a deal of nonsense about art and other things of which he understood nothing. All these writers of tributes appear to write rather with stilts than with pens. Why did they not tell us something we should care to hear about the daily Knowles?—his disbelief in the conventions of religion even while he bowed low to Mrs. Grundy; his engaging, because almost childlike, pleasure in the social recognitions that came to him; and his intense dislike for

his old neighbour, Herbert Spencer. If Knowles kept a journal, as most people thought he did, it ought to be excellent reading.

We know how Mr. W. D. Howells can write in a gondola or in some lofty palace-room with windows overlooking a noiseless pavement of water. Venice and many a town of Northern Italy have informed his pen with sweetness and light, and now Rome is his studio. His book has been progressing even among the manifold distractions of a Roman "season."

In Rome, too, another English-speaking artist has been at work. But his art knows no similarity of tongue, except that it has gone hand in hand with great English poetry; Sir Edward Elgar has set to music the last portions of Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind." At the same time, the more prosaic honours of glass-case and label are being paid to the poet. The "Keats and Shelley House," as it is called, overlooking the divine steps of the Piazza di Spagna, on to which Keats threw the lodging-house food intolerable to a sick palate, has been opened. It would seem at first glance that this place of only death-bed interest is too cumbered with relics and first editions, and what-not. But it is as well to have a few catalogued distractions from the tragedy of the tiny room. The little chamber of the poet's long agony is exactly as the poet's weary eye saw it. And from his window you look down on marble bathed in spring sun, and the great bank of stalled spring flowers, and the equitable Roman children at their games; and it is a sad memory that for one portion of his time here the beauty of his surroundings increased rather than quieted the bitterness of his mood.

Mr. Bernard Shaw's letter—an "astonishing letter" in the phrase of the

Athenaeum's editor—hardly needs the answer which will have been forthcoming by the time this page is printed. Mr. Bernard Shaw complains of a paragraph expressing a lack of faith in Mr. Shaw's translators, written by the Paris correspondent of the *Athenaeum*—

Your correspondent [writes Mr. Shaw] has apparently been made the tool—no doubt through inexperience—of those parasites on literature and the drama who spend most of their lives in the daily commission of this meanness (the defamation of those whose work they covet). . . . In the meantime he may congratulate himself on the fact that his attempt to induce me to withdraw my authorisation from M. and Mme. Hamon (for that is what his remark comes to) has failed. Had it succeeded, his editor . . . might have had to bear the brunt of M. Hamon's legal remedy.

And more, for nearly two columns of recrimination. Is this petulant letter-writer the imperturbable debater of the Fabian Society, whose conquests are those of a cool head and a braced wit? If only Mr. Wells could find him in that humour, the humour that must always catch hold of the clumsy weapon of "have-the-law-on-you," there would be many changed allegiances in the Society, and the Fabian Nurslings would have the entertainment for which, through the mask of precocious wisdom, their young features would light up. M. E.



HEDGEROW ROBBERY: OR, THE INHUMAN BOY.

THE BOY WITH THE CATAPULT: Now then, give me those bird's-eggs!

[DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.]

FASHION FOR EASTER.



"COME, GENTLE SPRING!"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



NOVELS IN A NUTSHELL.

THE DISCOVERY.

BY V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.



just come out, was besieged by eager inquirers.

"Is she blood-curdling?"

"What did she tell you?"

"Haven't you guessed who she is?"

The Idler sank exhaustedly into a deck-chair. "Don't talk to me. I require nourishing food and strong drink. She is a terror, and this kind of entertainment is too strenuous for a garden-party."

"Oh, but do tell us!" begged the Bud. "Does she tell you who you're in love with?"

"Or who's in love with you?" supplemented the Timid Man.

"Love?" scoffed the Idler. "Man's love is of man's life a thing apart; 'tis woman's whole exist—"

"Such a pity to quote Byron," remarked the Freckled Girl to a neighbour. "Dates you so, doesn't it?—more than a bald head."

The Idler gasped indignantly. "Allow me to tell you—" he spluttered.

"Oh, another time," begged the Freckled Girl impudently.

"Just now we can think of nothing but the Yellow Witch."

"I have nothing whatever to tell you about her," the Idler revenged himself.

"We must respect her incognito," mimicked the Sharp Girl loftily.

"Until we can tear it away," laughed the Freckled Girl.

"But a sense of honour—" the Idler protested

"Bother!" interrupted the Bud. "Madeline will be out in a minute. She'll tell us."

"Doubtless." The Idler smiled nastily, and the Bud turned sparkling eyes upon him.

"Are you daring to insinuate," she asked belligerently, "that women are without a sense of honour?"

The Idler staggered momentarily at the shock of the impact, and the Timid Man interposed a conciliatory "Oh, I say!"

The Diplomat smiled at the Bud. "Dear young lady," he said smoothly, "isn't it too hot for so much heat? And don't we all know that in women the sense of honour is a sixth sense?"

The Bud was appeased. "Of course it is. That's all right, then."

The Idler gave an idle laugh.

"What's the matter?" demanded the Bud suspiciously.

"Oh, nothing. Only it was so neat."

"Neat?"

"Yes. The sixth sense."

Then they all saw it except the Bud, and there was a ripple of laughter.

"I don't know what you mean," she cried petulantly.

The Idler shrugged his shoulders. "There isn't a sixth sense you know," he drawled.

"O-oh!" trembled the nipped Bud.

The flap of the tent was lifted, and the group fell upon the newcomer. "Oh, Madeline, tell us!"

The newcomer looked a little dazed. "My dears, she's uncanny. I've had the time of my life. The things she knows about one!"

"Bad or good?" demanded the Second Season Girl searchingly.

"Both. Whatever there is to know."

"I daren't go in," said the Freckled Girl decidedly.

"You must; she's waiting," they chorussed.

"Think of her as the Yellow Peril—it's more impersonal," soothed the Diplomat, as he held the flap up for her.

"Who *can* she be?" marvelled the Bud. "It must be someone in our set, and yet—nobody is missing. Unless—where's Lady Headley?"

"In the rose-garden, flirting with Tony," supplied the Sharp Girl.

"Whoever she is, she knows too much," the Idler volunteered.

"We haven't all got your stormy past," the Diplomat reminded him blandly.

"Your turn next," someone informed the Second Season Girl.

"Oh," shuddered the emerging victim; "it's awful—nerve-shattering—indescribably grisly. The creature talks in a whisper, too, all the time."

The flap fell behind the Second Season Girl, and in the sudden gloom she stood an instant irresolute.

"Over here, please," whispered the Yellow Witch, and the girl went forward, looking curiously at the seated figure. A yellow cloak, hood, and mask were as effectual a disguise as an amateur photographer's first snap-shot.

"Your name?" demanded the Yellow Witch.

"Oh, but I thought you were going to tell *me* things," the girl protested flippantly. Unwillingly her voice sank to a whisper. She made a mental note of the fact that when whispered to you cannot help whispering.

"Your name?" repeated the Yellow Witch.

"Amice Grevel."

The Yellow Witch assimilated the information. "You are not happy," she said at last abruptly. "There are two men—"

"How dreadfully commonplace!" interrupted the girl; but she winced.

"I must ask you not to interrupt. Two men who love you—one poor, one not poor. Shall I describe to you the one you love?"

"If you please," whispered the girl. The remark was meant to be ironical, but one cannot whisper ironically, she discovered.

"He is slight and has a fair moustache, brown eyes, a pale complexion, and—" The Yellow Witch gave two ineffectual gasps and a convulsed shudder. Then she surrendered to the inevitable and sneezed.

The girl leaned forward suddenly. "Summer colds are horrid," she said sympathetically.

The Yellow Witch ignored the interruption. "A pale complexion and thin lips. That is the man you love."

The girl nodded. "Yes," she said.

The Yellow Witch was silent for a moment. "Is there anything else you would like to know?" she asked.

The girl rose. "Nothing," she answered, and gave a little, low laugh. "Nothing, thank you—John."

The bent shoulders of the Yellow Witch grew suddenly straight.

"You knew—all the time?" he asked.

The girl shook her head. "Take those things off," she commanded. "I can't talk to a Yellow Witch."

He tore the yellow draperies off impatiently.

"Are you—angry with me?" he asked. "Was—was it frightful

[Continued overleaf]

THE DUFFER'S COURSE — OF INSTRUCTION.



THE SMOKER: I wish you'd take the guv'nor round the links occasionally. He wants to learn to play awfully badly.
You're just the man to teach him.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.

cheek? I wanted so badly to find out which of us it was without your knowing."

She was silent.

"Please understand," he explained anxiously, "I was so afraid that if I asked you, and you said 'No,' you wouldn't let us even be friends afterwards, like—like now, and I couldn't have borne that. So I hit on this way. And—and when I described him, and you said 'Yes,' I was prepared, and I didn't show anything, did I? Honour bright, I would never have shown anything, only—you guessed—"

She raised her eyes, and with a look swept him into paradise. "You darling duffer," she said unsteadily. . . .

"John, I must go! They'll think I've had such a stormy past as—never was, if I stay any longer. And there are heaps waiting to see the Yellow Witch. Pick up your things and put them on again."

"I won't see another person," he protested violently.

She smiled. "Oh, well then! Wait a minute." She knelt down at the back of the tent and peered cautiously through the inch of space between canvas and ground. "There's not a soul this side, John; and look, this peg's loose. Pull the rope, and you'll be able to crawl through. That's right. Now go and join the giddy throng outside. I'll make time for you."

She waited an instant, and then, lifting the flap of the tent door, held the Diplomat in momentary conversation before he went in. Two seconds later he reappeared.

"The Yellow Witch is not," he announced.

"What do you mean? Has she gone?" There was a sudden rush into the tent, and cries of disappointment.

"And I know I'd have found out who she was when it was my turn," the Sharp Girl said regretfully.

John Wilde strolled round the corner. "What's all this?" he asked lazily. Then for a second his eyes met and held those of the Second Season Girl.

The Diplomat was nothing if not observant. A flicker of intelligence was suddenly born in his own eyes. Then it went out. "So!" he dropped quietly into Wilde's ear.

Wilde gave him a quick glance, and anathematised his own imprudence. "Don't tell," he implored below his breath.

"Now we shall never know who she was," deplored the Freckled Girl.

The Diplomat opened his lips.

"Oh, you beast, you beast!" murmured Wilde distractedly.

"I think I can tell you," the Diplomat remarked placidly.

"Oh, who?" They gathered round him.

"The Yellow Witch," began the Diplomat, "was—"

He caught the eye of the Second Season Girl, and led her by the expression in his own to suppose she had melted him to a tardy clemency. But of course that was rubbish. Being a Diplomat, he had never learned how to tell things—only how to conceal them.

"Well, she was—" he stumbled artistically—"our old friend, the Green-eyed Monster."

There was a blank silence.

The Idler turned away with a yawn. "That man," he grumbled to the Freckled Girl as they made for the marquee and ices, "would conceal your own name from you if he could. Beastly character."

"He knows," mused the Freckled Girl.

"Of course. But what?"

"And how?" she added.

It was precisely on these points that the Diplomat was at that moment gathering information.

"You arranged it beforehand?" he asked the Second Season Girl.

She shook her head.

"I've earned a reward," the Diplomat reminded her.

"Oh, yes! I don't mind your knowing—now. But—you tell, John."

Wilde looked a little bewildered. "Honour bright, I don't quite know. I—I did it in order to find out something I wanted to know, only she found *me* out."

The Second Season Girl smiled, and the Diplomat looked at her curiously. "How?" he asked.

"Yes; how did you—" began Wilde, and broke off, the victim of another sneeze.

The Second Season Girl laughed happily. "That way," she said, and turned her back rather pointedly on the Diplomat. "Nobody does it like you."

THE LADY OF THE ROSES.

BY F. HARRIS DEANS.

A STARTLINGLY white fence corralled a mass of greenery. Rose-trees, investigation proved it. Red and white roses; their perfume scented the air.

The traveller paused, and, leaning on the little white gate, eyed them thoughtfully. From so many one would never be missed, or if missed, regretted. He gazed around, not stealthily, yet undoubtedly searchingly.

He opened the gate and entered: buccaneers may have worn such a look as he. Few gardeners but would quail. Around a clump of bushes he strode.

"Oh!" cried the girl. Startled, she dropped a handful of roses, which fell, red and white, on the gravel-path.

She was clad in muslin, a material which, however unsuitable from a horticultural point of view, was artistically incomparable.

From beneath a sheltering sun-hat her eyes gleamed with . . . annoyance . . . inquiry? She straightened herself from her stooping posture and brushed a curl from off her brow.

The intruder dropped quickly on one knee. Her look of incipient alarm faded as she observed that he gathered together the roses which lay scattered at her feet. Yet one might have thought this latter action was in the nature of an after-thought—an excuse for an impulsive movement.

He rose to his feet, and with a courtly gesture restored her spoil. Almost she accepted it as a gift. She retreated a step—an act which aroused him to an appreciation of his intrusion.

"Madam," he murmured, bowing low—that her age was but twenty summers was no reason for employing the vocabulary of a shopwalker—"Madam," he said accordingly, "dare I apologise?"

She gave permission with an inclination of her head.

"Where there is no regret," he reflected, however, "there can be no apology."

"An expression of regret," she suggested, "would be but polite." Albeit, she was not insistent, leaving the point for his consideration.

"Polite!" he protested. She gave to his accompanying glance a meaning which brought a deeper tinge of pink to her cheek.

"Desirable then," she amended coolly enough. With her head on one side she awaited his judgment.

"I crave," said he, bowing to her wish, "your pardon; little as I regret having given you cause for displeasure."

She cast a questioning glance at him.

"For the reason," he explained, "that had I not offended I should not have been permitted to—apologise."

She bowed—a bow inferring an acceptance both of the apology and the compliment.

"You came," she hazarded, with an indicatory sweep of the arm, "for roses?"

He was forced to admit the truth of the accusation.

"Had I but suspected your presence," he pleaded, "I should not have come—for roses."

Red and white roses; their perfume scented the air.

"Nevertheless," she insisted, "you came for roses."

He watched her movement anxiously. From a neighbouring bush she plucked a red rose. With her head on one side she considered it for an instant. Then with the air of one making a concession she added to this a white rose.

She glanced from the roses to him, and caught his eye fixed upon her. With a gesture hovering between embarrassment and intimacy she proffered them.

They hinted at the inevitable, and reluctantly he accepted both.

A desire is never satisfied; achievement is but a dam which diverts its course. Therefore he lingered.

"I am seeking words," he responded to her raised eyebrows, "wherewith to thank you."

"They are unnecessary," she said, as her eyes fell before his glance.

Slowly she moved towards the gate, a rustling amongst the bushes hastening her progress.

At a bench by the gate she paused, and fumbled awhile at her gown.

"Oh!" she cried at length, distressed.

The intruder offered her a wealth of service.

"Half-a-crown?" she murmured in some confusion.

Even that was at her disposal.

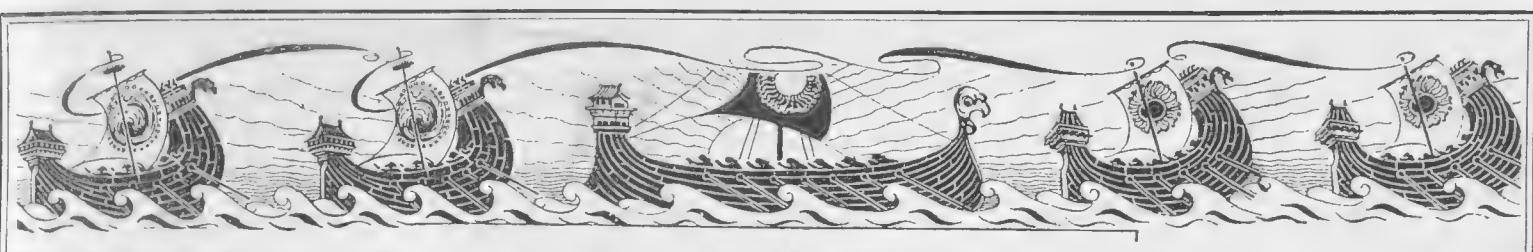
"Thank you," she said, as she placed it upon the seat.

She passed through the gate, and he followed, bewildered.

The flush deepened in her cheeks as she answered his unspoken query.

"I—I also was just passing," she explained softly.

THE END.



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

MR. E. A. ABBEY, whose pictures

for the new Capitol building of Pennsylvania were inspected by the Queen and the Empress Marie the other day, is one of those brilliant American painters who have practically made their homes amongst us. It is thirty years ago since the young student of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts came to England for Messrs. Harper Brothers. It will be remembered that he was entrusted with the official picture of the Coronation of their Majesties, which enabled some brilliant jokes to be perpetrated on his name and Westminster Abbey.

An Empress as Londoner? It has been whispered that the Empress Marie of Russia is seriously thinking of acquiring a London domicile in the shape of beautiful, quaint Crewe House. This fine mansion is more like a country manor-house than a town dwelling; for the living-rooms, like those of Stafford House, open out on to a garden, and the roar of London traffic scarcely penetrates to the drawing-room, which now shows many proofs of the exquisite taste Lady Crewe has inherited from her Rothschild ancestors. Although there have been many royal Londoners, the only

foreign Sovereign who boasted of a private residence in our capital was the late

Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. He was brother-in-law to the Duke of Cambridge, and uncle of the Princess of Wales, and it is said that he thought it only right that the considerable income his Grand Duchess derived from England should be spent in her own country.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen B. Elkins. Senator Stephen B. Elkins, the parents of Miss Katherine Elkins, whose courtship by the Duke of the

Order of the Annunziata if, by his daughter's marriage, he becomes a kind of cousin of the King of Italy. This is like the Order of the Garter in Italy. But did not Mr. Pierpont Morgan receive a high Italian Order for his generosity in the affair of the Ascoli cope?

Mr. Kipling and the Ladies. Mr. Kipling can hardly have anticipated that the fair ladies who write would rally

round him in such numbers when he consented to preside at the Royal Literary Fund dinner. Thirty-six (up to the moment of going to press) have sent in their names and guineas, and though, no doubt, it is partly owing to the claims of this excellent charity, still the prospect of seeing and hearing "R. K." himself has evidently been an alluring one. Not the least welcome guest will be Miss Braddon, whose first story appeared nearly fifty years ago.

The New Governor of Victoria. Sir Thomas Gibson-Carmichael, who has been appointed Governor of Victoria, in succession to Sir Reginald Talbot, will be rather a contrast to that cheerful



THE LATEST FORM OF JEWELLERY: A RECONSTRUCTION OF AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN COLLAR.

which he has published various papers, and he also takes an interest in art, which led to his appointment as a trustee of the National Gallery. Sir Thomas has a benevolent, bearded countenance, will be fifty next year, and has the glory of having succeeded the late Mr. Gladstone as M.P. for Midlothian.

Shrewsbury's "Head." The new Headmaster of Shrews-

bury, the Rev. Cyril Alington, is a young man (they always catch them young at Shrewsbury, which has had only three "Heads" in more than one hundred years), and one who, his friends think, will go far. A Fellow of All Souls', he has been for some years a master at Eton, and just four years ago he married the Hon. Hester Lyttelton, the youngest sister of Lord Cobham, Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, the Headmaster of Eton, Lady Frederick Cavendish, and Mrs. Lionel Cust. Fair-haired, and of a pleasant, open countenance, Mr. Alington is, in addition, an excellent scholar, who will keep up in that respect the great Shrewsbury tradition.



FATHER OF THE FUTURE DUCHESS OF THE ABRUZZI: SENATOR STEPHEN B. ELKINS.

Photograph by Gilliams Press.

MOTHER OF THE FUTURE DUCHESS OF THE ABRUZZI:

MRS. STEPHEN B. ELKINS.

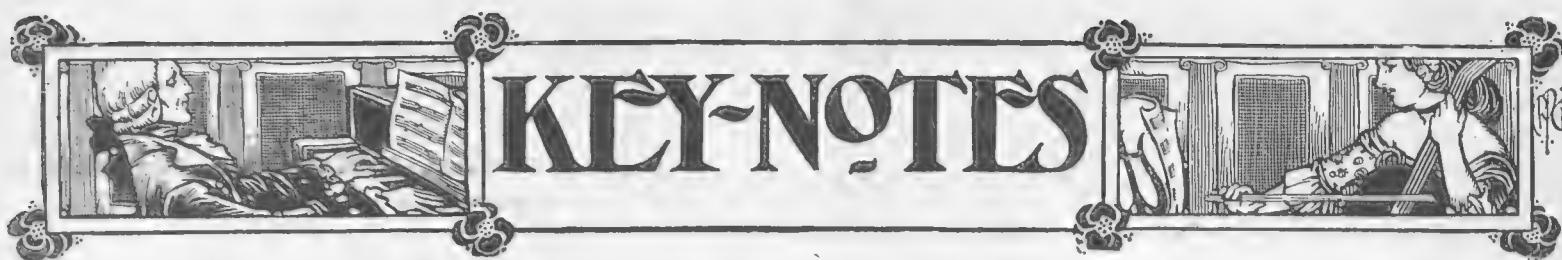
Photograph by Gilliams Press.

Abruzzi has aroused intense interest both in America and in Italy, are among the principal people of West Virginia. The Senator is an Ohio man by birth (sixty-six years ago), and from the University of Missouri he passed to the Bar. He did not make his pile out of briefs, however, but out of coal-mining and railroads in West Virginia; and "way back," as they say, before Grover Cleveland's second term, he was United States Secretary for War. Mrs. Elkins, who has the pretty name of Hallie, is the daughter of ex-Senator Henry G. Davis, and she has four sons and three daughters. One of the latter, Mrs. Wiederscien,



A STAR, BUT NO LONGER OF THE STAGE: MRS. OSCAR LEWISOHN (MISS EDNA MAY) ON HER WAY TO A MEET AT BIARRITZ.

Photograph by G. Chusseau-Flavien.



HERE is no limit to the search for novelty in music, and in days when so many budding geniuses rush in to supply the long-felt want with work that has neither form nor melody, it is no bad thing to hark back to an earlier time and listen to some of the music that delighted the musicians of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. To make the presentation adequate the old-time instruments must be used, and M. Henri Casadeus, founder of *La Société de Concerts d'Instruments Anciens*, has gathered round him a company quite capable of doing justice to the instruments and to the work. Clavecin, viola d'amore, viola di gamba have been heard to great advantage in a short series of concerts devoted to the music of a period that, for all its ignorance of symphonic form, is full of quaint interest and individual colour. Lorenzini and Hasse, Monteclair and Le Sueur, are not names that convey much to the musical amateur of our time; but those who heard their work for the first time must have felt that they are men who, like the lute-player of Swinburne's ballad, "in dead years had done delicious things." Perhaps we should not care to live always with nothing but clavecin and viol and the work written round them for musical company—the old forms are hardly satisfying enough for ears stretched beyond the limits that our grandfathers knew; but, heard at intervals and interpreted by M. Casadeus and his associates, they are a delight to ear and mind, a pleasant relief to much that is seen and heard in the concert-room to-day. It is to be hoped, and, indeed, to be expected, that the success of the series will lead to the return of the Society to the Bechstein Hall, where they are sure to find a welcome.

The Royal Choral Society are to be congratulated upon a very creditable performance of one of the most difficult works they can hope to include in their répertoire—Bach's immortal Mass in B minor. It is probably second to no composition in the world of sacred music, and for its proper interpretation, insight and reverence must be added to great attainment on the part of chorus and soloists. Only the most patient devotion at rehearsal, the most laborious study by one and all, can bring about such an ensemble as the ear desires. It would be wrong to say that the Royal Choral Society acquitted itself perfectly last week—there were moments when both sopranos and tenors were not heard to advantage; but the general impression was one of earnest endeavour and considerable accomplishment, and the soloists were in good voice. Sir Charles Stanford accompanied them with the aid of a small orchestra, and the accompaniment was most effective. The Royal Choral Society is a great power for good in music, and does not yield to the considerable temptation to depend upon hackneyed work which has found its public and is likely to retain it. On this account the presentation of the B minor Mass is matter for hearty congratulation.

Some of the arrangements for the forthcoming season at Covent Garden are already hinted at. It is likely that Madame Tetrazzini will be the star of the opening night, and that "Lucia di Lammermoor" will be chosen for presentation. The contrast between Donizetti's old-fashioned score and that of "Die Walküre," which will be given on the following evening, needs no emphasising. There was some hope that it would be found possible to produce the opera, by Dr. W. B. Naylor, which won the £500 prize in the competition organised by Messrs. Ricordi, the famous music-publishers of Milan and London; but insurmountable difficulties have occurred, and therefore, to the regret of everyone, the production stands postponed until the autumn or winter season.

It was very enterprising of Messrs. Ricordi to offer this prize, because they have under their care at present some half-dozen young Italian composers of considerable attainments who have already written one or more operas that have gained success in Italy or South America. Unless a composer has so much money that he can be independent of publisher and impresario, his work must be exceedingly good to secure a hearing in these days, because the cost of production is very considerable even in Italy, and an Italian audience makes very little allowance for inexperience or for pale reflections of other men's musical thought. The writer of opera must be full grown before he makes his *début*. At Covent Garden this season, we are likely to have a gala performance when President Fallières comes to London for the opening of the Anglo-French Exhibition.

Yet another concert-hall will soon be available to Londoners, for it is announced that the new St. James's Hall, in Great Portland Street, is to be opened on Saturday week next, when the first of a series of promenade concerts will be given under the direction of Mr. Lyell Taylor. A special orchestra has been organised in connection with the hall, and will be known as the "St. James's Hall Orchestra." Mr. Lyell Taylor will direct it. It is proposed to follow the plan adopted for some time by the London Symphony combination and to engage new conductors at regular intervals. If the public responds gratefully to this method—the directors of the London Symphony Orchestra might have something interesting to tell us in this connection—it is undoubtedly good for the players, for they learn to accustom themselves to most varied readings, and see work in a new light. A concert-hall that calls itself St. James's should start with a certain measure of assured success. It is to be hoped, in the interests of music, that the growth of public taste keeps pace with the growth of orchestras and concert halls. One waits with interest to see whether the new house will seek to attract patronage by lowering prices. Good music still costs too much in London.

COMMON CHORD.



A TENOR WELL KNOWN TO SOCIETY:
MR. BERTRAM BINYON.

Mr. Binyon—who, by the way, is a cousin of Mr. Laurence Binyon—studied under Jean de Reszke, and sang in the famous tenor's private theatre in Paris with Mme. Patti. A few nights ago he was commanded to the Russian Embassy, there to sing before the Queen and the Dowager Empress of Russia.

Photograph by Lizzie Caswall Smith.



LOHENGRIN AT THE TELEPHONE: AN ANACHRONISM—BEHIND THE SCENES.

"Is that my father, Parsifal? Yes. Well, Elsa would know my name; so you may expect me back during the afternoon."



THE A.A. AND FOREIGN TOURING—ELASTES AGAIN TO PROVE ITSELF—ENGINES HOT OR COLD? THE QUESTION ANSWERED—THE WOLSELEY-SIDDELEY'S VICTORY AT MONACO: HOPE FOR THE CUP—SUCCESSFUL AND ATTRACTIVE HANDICAPS AT BROOKLANDS.

THE Automobile Association are making great play as tour-masters, and have created quite a record in connection with Mr. Jarrott's passage to the Continent lately. At a few hours' notice all the arrangements were made for breaching the French Customs, to such an extent that hardly had the great driver crossed the gangway at Boulogne when his car was in the slings, and in a few minutes from reaching the quay was free to pursue its way to the Sunny South. I am at a loss to imagine just how the smart Secretary of the A.A. brought this about, for hitherto the passage of the Customs at Boulogne has been a somewhat tedious matter. Things have been done with much greater celerity at Havre, particularly with regard to the driving examination, but now, at least so far as the A.A. is concerned, Havre must give way to Boulogne.

Tyre-fillings are still upon their trial, though one would have imagined that the substance now so widely known as Elastes had sufficiently proved itself. At the trial which took place some time ago, however, the fair fame of Elastes suffered somewhat from rim-failure. Now an 18-h.p. Siddeley is engaged upon a three-thousand miles' reliability road trial, running on Elastes-filled tyres, carried on the now well-proved Elastes detachable rims. The entrants have reserved the option to extend the trial beyond the three thousand miles, should they wish to do so.

The question as to whether an engine should run better cold or hot is frequently a subject of discussion among automobilists who take something more than a dilettante interest in automobile mechanics. It can not be doubted that a really well-designed engine should give greatest power when running at a fairly high temperature. On the other hand, where engine-castings have not been well considered with regard to equal shrinkage when cooling, distortion takes place when the engine heats up, and loss of power is the result. Some interesting experiments were made lately with a six-cylinder Napier engine, the water-jacket temperatures of which were caused to vary between 56 deg. Fahr. and 212 deg. Fahr.—boiling point. In connection with these trials it was clearly shown that as the temperature of the water-jacket rose, so the brake horse-power increased, while

the petrol-consumption decreased. Therefore it would appear that the hotter the water-jacket is kept the greater the horse-power which should be developed, and the less the amount of fuel used. Of course, this should obtain with all well-designed internal-combustion engines. On the whole, a temperature of 150 deg. Fahr. was found to give the best results.

My readers will remember that, a short while since, I chronicled the launching of the Wolseley-Siddeley motor-launch, a craft of some 400-h.p., built by Saunders, of Cowes, and engined by the Wolseley Tool and Motor Company, for the purpose of "bringing back the Cup" which was lost last year to the Yankee craft *Dixie* in Southampton Water. I referred later to an exhibition given by this new British boat off the *Enchantress* at Netley, and mentioned the excellent impression she then made on the little party of experts invited to see her perform. Now, as I write, comes the joyous news that in the big fifty-kilomètres race at Monaco on Monday, 6th inst., she simply walked away from all her competitors, beating the next fastest craft, the Panhard-Levassor, by 2 min. 12.3-5 sec. The Panhard boat got away at the start with a three hundred yards lead, which shows the Wolseley-Siddeley to be faster yet. Six boats competed, all by makers and builders who had hitherto done great things in the Mediterranean. Hopes now run high with regard to the Cup.

The system of handicapping introduced at Brooklands early this month proved so successful that I think we may look for quite a number of handicapped events in which private owners will enter their cars. The method of start-allotment adopted was, I think, suggested by the *Autocar* as likely to attract private owners into competition. All the cars entered are first driven singly over the actual course, and are carefully timed by the Brooklands electrical timing apparatus, and the handicap is then made upon such returns. In order to ensure a car being driven right out in the handicap trial, a car winning in time 5 per cent. faster than the handicap trial time is disqualified, the



A TYRE WITH AN IRON TREAD.

The wheel here illustrated was shown at a recent exhibition in France. The tread of the tyre is of iron, articulated and fastened to rubber. It is claimed that the arrangement saves 60 per cent. of the wear and tear of an ordinary rubber tyre sufferer. [Photograph by Rot.]

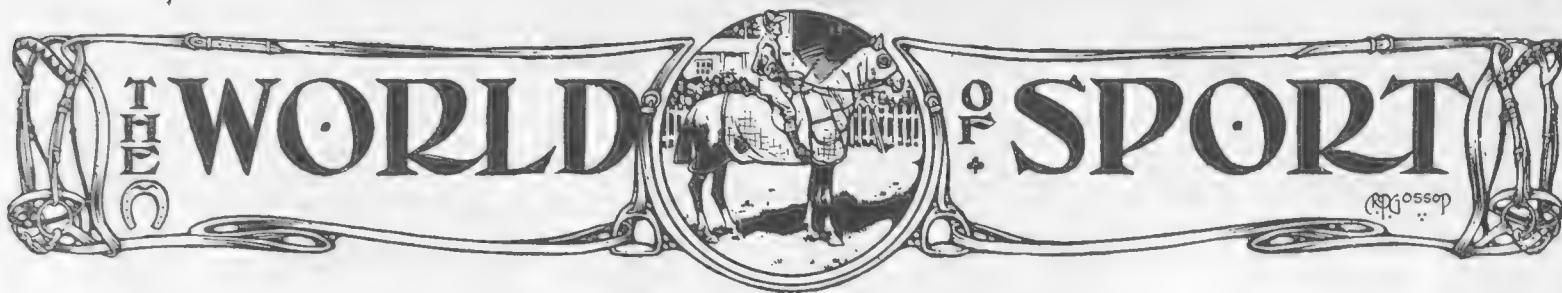


THE HUNTER'S "STEED," PRESENT DAY: MOTOR-CARS HUNG WITH TROPHIES OF THE CHASE.

Hunting antelope and other big game by motor is the rage in several of the Western States of America. Recently a well-known hunter and guide strolled into the Madison Square Automobile Show and ordered ten cars to be used for carrying hunting-parties into the wilds of Montana for shooting antelope. Last season the guide took two cars into the field and brought back some splendid trophies. He declares that motor-cars are fast taking the place of the horse and mule in big-game hunting in the Far West. [Photograph supplied by Shepstone.]

prize going to the second car, presuming that it finishes inside the percentage limit. If entry fees are not made too heavy, this form of car-racing should become very popular.

[Continued on a later page.]



ASCOT—RACES TO COME—INFORMATION.

THE Ascot Meeting this year commences on June 16, and it is very likely to be a record gathering from a Society point of view. Already 20 to 1 is offered on the field for the Ascot Stakes, and 50 to 1 on the field for the Royal Hunt Cup; but experience teaches that it is much better to wait until the day and then follow the favourites. The race for the Ascot Gold Cup will be worth going a long way to see if all the cracks compete, and the two-year-old racing will be of the very best. The King will run several horses at the meeting, and it is to be hoped that the royal colours will catch the judge's eye on more than one occasion. I believe that many of R. Marsh's two-year-olds are a little bit extra this year, and the stable jockey, H. Jones, is certainly in very fine form just now, and can be relied on to get

He is a nice colt, and, unless I am much mistaken, he possesses the right speed and stamina for this race. Of course there are others, notably Mountain Apple and Sir Archibald. The first-named is a smart-looking son of Persimmon who has not yet suffered defeat. He is a nice colt, and is very likely to go close. Mr. Thursby is to ride Sir Archibald, and for that reason, if for no other, many people would like to see the horse victorious; but it must not be forgotten that Mr. Persse has one or two other candidates in his stable, and we have yet to find out the best of this lot. I am told that Dinneford is being prepared for the City and Suburban. If fit on the day he will very nearly win, provided Maher has the mount. Oakleigh II. is a big Newmarket tip for the race, and another that I am told to look out for



THE GIANT BOW-AND-ARROW TRAP FOR TIGERS: THE DEADLY GIN AND ONE OF ITS VICTIMS.

Our correspondent describes the contrivance as follows: "This trap consists of a bamboo rod, some strong cord, and an arrow with a steel spike, and is, in fact, a bow and arrow. The bow is fixed horizontally on some light sticks which are driven into the ground; the cord is stretched tight by a small piece of bamboo; at the end of this bamboo a hole is bored and a wooden pin inserted. A very thin string is attached to this pin, then it passes round some sticks placed at intervals round the trap. The tiger comes along and runs into the string, which immediately draws out the pin and releases the cord and the arrow with tremendous force. The arrow evidently does not often miss its mark, as in a single week the trap killed two tigers and wounded two more." The tiger shown was a three-year-old, and died from a wound inflicted by the trap, after wandering about the jungle for three or four days. It measured 7 ft. 6 in. Our photographs were taken in Assam.—[Photographs supplied by R. L. Brodhurst.]

them home if they are good enough. The Kingsclere horses, too, will be ready by the time racing takes place on the Royal Heath; and it can be taken for granted that several of the smart handicap performers in the Manton stable will also be called into requisition. According to present arrangements, there will be the usual French invasion, and our neighbours do not, as a rule, return empty-handed, as witness the victory of Monitor last year. True, the disqualification of Eider in the Gold Cup was a misfortune. It can, I think, be considered certain that runners will be plentiful at Ascot, and, thanks to the untiring efforts of Mr. Clement, the able clerk-of-the-course, the arrangements will, as usual, be found to be perfect.

Future events are not causing much sensation just now, as backers prefer to wait and see which way the cat jumps. I know of several good judges who think that the King will win the Derby with Perrier, but they hesitate to back their opinion, preferring to wait and have a look at Lesbia, who is an improving sort. I hope myself to see the royal colours successful at Epsom, as I spotted Perrier in the autumn as a likely customer to shine on the Epsom gradients.

is Silver Heeled. This horse is trained by Lewis, and has been doing some excellent work.

The ordinary public, who are inclined to belittle the value of racing information, little think how the professional backer values the cue direct. I once interviewed a big betting-man who had amassed a goodly sum by following the tips given by others, and he confessed to me that he did not trouble to look either at horses or newspapers, but preferred always to follow blindly what he was told to back. I could not get out of him who were his racing advisers, but years afterwards I heard that he had gone broke. Then I discovered that for some time he had been out of touch with a certain clique that were qualified to know what was going out. Many men go to the racecourse with only one object in view—that of following the money. As often as not, this plan succeeds, but occasionally a 100-to-8 chance rolls up, and next day we are informed that the winner was a big job at the "S.P." offices. The paying information, I take it, is the knowledge appertaining to the big "S.P." coups.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's Racing Tips will be found on our "City Notes" page.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Surprises of Easter.

The chief attraction of Easter is that it comes at odd and unaccountable times, and has none of the inexorableness of Christmas nor the

horrible certainty of the August outing. One year you may spend the vernal vacation sitting, at seaside or countryside, before a small and fluctuating fire, while the snowstorm beats without, and you have to exercise self-control to keep yourself from running home by the first train you can catch. But trains are rare to London about that period, and you end by setting your teeth and finishing your holiday, however untoward the weather, in the place in which you find yourself. Another year perhaps, the mysterious forces which govern Church festivals may decree that it falls some three weeks later, when we have one of those false flashes of summer so characteristic of the British climate. This is the moment in which you fling off, in a fine careless rapture, all those "woollies" without which life is dangerous in these islands, thereby sowing the seeds of consumption, or at best getting your fourth attack of influenza. Easter, in short, whether early or late, has always its adventures, and sometimes its attendant catastrophes. Guy de Maupassant used to leave Paris before July 14, because he declared it impossible to rejoice on a fixed date. It is this absence of a fixed date which makes our Easter, in spite of all drawbacks, one of our least objectionable holiday-times.

A Title for Spinsters.

Now that the educated spinster is in every sense a force in the country, the question has not unnaturally been raised of bestowing on her a title more dignified than the only one which she can at present claim. "Miss" was once a term of opprobrium, and up to the eighteenth century unmarried girls and women of birth and breeding were addressed as "Mrs." or "Mistress." The diminutive "Miss," is, to be sure, a footling word, with nothing—certainly not its sound—to recommend it; and female surgeons, authors, philanthropists, and publicists may well long for some other more distinguished appellation. The title of "Madam" has much in its favour, and might reasonably be adopted by women over thirty. It has been suggested by some well-meaning person that forty should be the age when the "Miss" should be discarded and a new title assumed, but this proposition shows but a scanty knowledge of feminine human nature. The privilege of suppressing the year of her birth is one of those feminine prerogatives which woman will die in the last ditch to preserve, for this instinct is a deep and inherited one, and is by no means to be attributed to mere folly and personal vanity. So long as men regard old women with contempt and put a high premium on

youth and good looks, so in the struggle for life will Woman be mysterious on the subject of her years and fool her contemporaries with a carefully preserved youth.

The Parson and the Ladies.

The irony which is never absent in human affairs has been recently illuminated by an attack on those self-sacrificing sisters of ours who go and live in Settlements and labour among the poor. One might have thought that these lay nuns would have been exempt from scorn; yet an unappreciative parson at Fulham has been belabouring these ladies in the *Nineteenth Century* because, he declares, they interfere with his authority and influence in his parish. It is a quaint and not very edifying spectacle, this of priests and priestesses of mercy quarrelling over the outcast; but in this month's review, Mrs. Creighton, with her usual good sense and eloquence, comes to the rescue of the ladies and belabours the parson in his turn. By the time Mrs. Creighton has done with him, he cuts a somewhat sorry figure, while the Settlement women receive a tribute which, coming from such a source, is a complete vindication of their methods, their sincerity, and their ceaseless toil.

How to Clean the Mind.

This is the time of year when a little mental spring-cleaning by no means comes amiss, for we ought to renew our ideas at least as often as our window-blinds, and sweep out old prejudices, rancours, and moral fustinesses as vigorously as we do our back-cupboards and disused rooms. It is astonishing how such things will gather during the dark and sedentary months of the year. Ill-humours "collect" exactly like cobwebs on a disused ceiling. There are people who quarrel regularly with their friends after every attack of influenza, and imagine malign conspiracies when they would do well to see their doctor about their liver. Other folks there are who ought to change the furniture of their minds when they set about rearranging their drawing-rooms. Their stock of information, their point of view are as antiquated and out of date as the chairs and sofas

they are so eager to banish from their sight. A mid-Victorian attitude of mind is as much an anachronism in the twentieth century as a Berlin-wool work prie-dieu. You cannot, by taking thought, add one cubit to your physical stature, but it is amazing how you can enlarge your mental outlook. Persons of determination have been known to come back to town after Easter with brains neatly garnished and swept, and with personalities as fresh and pleasing as their brand-new hats.



A USEFUL HOLIDAY DRESS IN MOLE-GREY SOUPLE CLOTH.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

[Copyright.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

THE women-about-town are either making ready to leave it or have done so. Holidays are regarded as such by the so-called leisured classes quite as much as by the workers. Leisure, in its dictionary meaning, is practically unknown. No one is really free from occupation. The pleasure-seeker has to labour far harder in pursuit of that evasive aim than the worker to whom it comes at small cost. Those who pursue it do so fruitlessly, often at limitless expense. These be platitudes, and the Easter holidays have nothing that is vapid or dull about them for those who have earned them. We have doubts about the way of dressing, for though skies be blue and sun shining, the wind has a shrewd nip in it. In England, when the spring is here, thick clothes, or rather warm though light clothes, are a necessity. It is one reason why, though fashions come and fashions go, the coat-and-skirt go on for ever. When there is shelter and sunshine, the coat can be so easily abandoned temporarily and as easily resumed when the zephyr develops some of the symptoms of the nor'-easter.

The newest coat is cut away very much at the sides, and is long and rounded off at the back. Of these I saw several at the weddings which took place early in the month. As a rule, waist-coats showed in front. One such costume was in hydrangea-blue cloth, and the coat was prettily braided. The waist-coat was of oxydised silver net, embroidered with gold and copper, and finished with paste buttons. A cravat of silk muslin and lace was worn, and a high-crowned black tulle hat, powdered over with crystal and having rather wide brims, while at one side it was finished with a high brush osprey, purely white. It was a styleful and a charming costume. Another, which was worn by a tall and very pretty young lady, daughter of a duke, and wife of the heir to an Earldom, was not in coat-and-skirt style, but a Princess dress of Indian green cloth—a colour in dull surface like the sheen of a peacock's tail, with a strong dash of soft bright blue in it. There were swathed folds of the cloth carried high at one side over sleeves, and a bodice of gold, wide-meshed net, which was embroidered very handsomely in rich, harmoniously coloured raised silk flowers. The gown showed a high collar and chemisette of ivory-white lace and tulle, and the hat was of dull pink straw, high-crowned, and trimmed with a large cluster of shaded pink tulips tied in with a rose-red velvet bow. A chinchilla wrap was provided against those aforesaid nor'-east symptoms in the outer air. It was a really styleful and effective dress.

Many will go to the country for Easter, as golf and motor-cars have made the beauties of nature and fresh air fashionable. They can be obtained by the jaded pleasure-hunter without undue boredom. Bridge also helps to make short sojourns in the country bearable to the pleasure-steeped. The tailor-made is the suit for country wear. One or two must always be included in an Easter outfit. I saw the other day a well-cut skirt, sheath-like over the hips and springing cleverly from the knees, in Wedgwood Harris tweed. It was made for a well-known woman who is spending Easter by the spring salmon rivers in the North, where she hopes for luck among the fine big fish that abound in them, and give better sport at this season than any other. The skirt is four inches off the ground all round. There is a very neat little bolero coat to match, finished without sleeves, but with handkerchief draperies tied over the shoulders of soft silk, in Wedgwood blue-and-black Paisley pattern; a folded vest of the same silk shows under the little coat. It is not for fishing—a Norfolk jacket, to match the skirt, is provided for that; and it has elastic under the pleats inserted to give freedom of movement for casting. A stitched cap, in shape Tudor, like those of the Yeomen of the Guard, in the same tweed,

with jaunty Wedgwood and black wing-feathers, completes a business-like and yet a smart-looking country costume.

Many of the new hats, in addition to feathers, flowers, and velvet ribbon, are trimmed with strings of large beads, reproducing in some way the colouring of the dress. At first these appeared to me to be undesirable, to have rather an odds-and-ends-of-things look about them, suggestive of a squaw-like love of display. Some that I have seen have altered that impression. On a cypress-shoot green straw hat, trimmed with mushroom-hued silk tulle and brighter green ostrich-feathers, I noticed along the brim a row of beads reproducing in a bloom-like effect the greens and the subtle light brown of the other trimmings. For success to be achieved by the introduction of beads into millinery, they must bear a distinct relation to the colour-scheme. The new fashion is fatal to those who have beads by them and put them on probably a quite styleful and inoffensive hat. It at once assumes an aggressive, home-made look, and gives its wearer's device generously away.

A useful holiday-dress is one of which a drawing appears on "Woman's Ways" page. It is of mole-grey souple cloth. The skirt is short and pleated, and is made in one with half the bodice, which is plain, tightly fitting, and finished with buttons.

There is a tucked vest of creamy-white lace, and a neck-band to match, while the pleated upper part of the bodice and long sleeves are of grey, wide-meshed tulle. It is a charming travelling-gown, one which would emerge quite nice and fresh in the morning at Cannes after a night in the train-de-luxe from Paris.

Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, is enjoying herself greatly in Sicily. None of the King's sisters lives so free and unfettered a life as the Duke of Argyll's handsome wife. She is travelling as Lady Sundridge, one of the Duke's minor titles, with one friend. Here in London the Royal Duchess calls on an intimate friend, walking with only a dog in attendance. If her friend is out, and the maid asks for her name, she says, "The lady with the dog," and her friend knows, when she comes in, who it was. Travelling, she talks freely to her fellow-voyagers by train or boat, and occasionally offers them share of her luncheon or takes share of theirs. In this way she secures for herself the possession

of many points of view usually hidden from the outlook of royalty. Once during her mother's lifetime she held a Drawing-Room, and did it with great grace and tact.

We are asked to state that the design entitled "The Pierrette Menu," which was given the other day in our page of "Freak Menus," was made, not in Germany, as we had been informed, but in this country. As a matter of fact, it is one of the many excellent designs of Mr. M. M. Cooke, of 27, Poland Street, W.

We have received from Messrs. Chapman and Hall the "Sporting and Athletic Register" for 1908, which should prove an exceedingly valuable reference-book. The work is one which includes the results for the year of all important events in sports, games, and athletics, together with the records and notable achievements of past years. It is published at 5s., and well sustains its claim to be regarded as the Whitaker of the sporting world.

In connection with the opening of the Piccadilly Hotel, there has come to us, under the title "A Twentieth Century Palace: The Piccadilly Hotel, With Some Notes on the History, Landmarks, and Worthies of Piccadilly and Regent Street," a brochure that many will find extremely interesting. The work is not only well written, but is embellished with many valuable illustrations from old prints, pictures, and photographs, together with a coloured frontispiece. It is presented with the compliments of the directors of the Piccadilly Hotel.



MR. CYRIL MAUDE AND HIS 1908 RUDGE-WHITWORTH.

Mr. Maude is to produce "Pro Tem.," an adaptation of "Boute-en-Train," on the 29th.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on April the 27th.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"ANYTHING to eat?" asked the Stock Exchange Phyllis.

"I shouldn't dare," replied Our Stroller. "They look too tempting to be digestible."

"Oh no, they're not," said his broker. "Have one of these." Our Stroller munched the sweet stuff apprehensively. "I don't much like being a bull of it," he observed.

"Better be a bull of this than Chartered."

"Think so? After you with the sugar," and the speaker at the next table held out his hand. "Wonderful fine property, Chartered," and both men laughed.

"Sell Chartered at anything like seventeen-and-six," advised the broker.

"That's like you Stock Exchange men," complained Our Stroller. "You won't say, 'Sell now.' It's always, 'Sell when they go better.'"

"Well, where's the grievance?" inquired the broker. "Because they don't always go better, I suppose?"

"That's one thing."

"What's the other?" asked the third man, obviously amused.

"The other grievance is that when prices do go better your broker says, 'Oh, don't sell yet: market looks good. Wait a bit longer; you may get more money.'"

Both Housemen laughed at this indictment.

"Fairly hit!" cried the second one. "It strikes me you have got us to a T."

"With pleasure," replied Our Stroller. "Have another cup?"

Phyllis fluttered round.

"No, thank you very much. I must be off if I can tear myself away from this pew," and by a mighty effort he extricated himself.

"Bye-bye. Good night, Sir."

Our Stroller replied, and watched him depart. Then he and his broker sauntered down the court, and into Throgmorton Street.

The City Editor of a famous daily paper buttonholed the broker, who asked if he had cut his bear of Americans.

"Facetious as ever, I perceive," was the smiling reply.

"Americans are not very gay, are they?"

"I don't know—just been to tea. What do you hear?"

"Nothing much. They seem to think that the falls are more genuine than the rises."

"Less manipulated? I don't know," said the broker thoughtfully. "You can never tell what Wall Street's going to get up to."

"That's true; but our cables counsel caution, and everyone tells me that, while rises will be quick, falls will be long. I must be off!" And away he hastened.

"A shrewd observer," commented the broker. "Goes round to everybody who is anybody, and soaks in wisdom while he waits."

"I like English Rails better than American," said Our Stroller.

"Do you? Not much public, you know. The market's highly professional, and therefore artificial."

"Wish I had bought Central Londons before the rise began."

The broker smiled broadly. "So do we all," he replied. "Do you think it's too late yet? And even Districts may get a run before the Franco-British Exhibition opens."

"Buy me five thousand Districts," said Our Stroller, with sudden decision. "I'll take them up if necessary. It doesn't cost much to do so, and I can look on then. Can you do it to-night?"

"I'll have a shot," returned the broker. "Come along to my office. I must ring up a man."

He told his clerk to get through to So-and-so Brothers on the 'phone.

The clerk came quickly back, to say Mr. So-and-so was hanging on the line.

"I hope it's not the District line," said Our Stroller. "He might get run over." But the youth's face relaxed not a muscle.

"Yes, Sir," he said.

Meanwhile, the broker tried to deal in five Districts. He purposely left the door of the telephone-room ajar—

"Yes, that's right. Oh, no fear! Far too wide, of course. I don't want to deal in the Debenture stock. What's that? Never is a market when a man wants to deal. Come an eighth nearer. Oh, never mind; ring off, and I'll try— That's not an eighth nearer. Limited? Yes, by time and temper. Make me— Right you are: I buy five," and he hung up the receiver.

"Have you done it?" asked Our Stroller.

"Yes, I've done it; bought them almost at the middle price," laughed his broker. "I think you ought to do well out of it, if you don't mind taking a short profit."

"One per cent. I want," replied our friend. "Must get one per cent, else I take them up."

The broker put down the bargain in his dealing-book and the limit in his order-book. "Thanks," he said, slipping in the pencil. "If I— Telephone?—excuse me."

The clerk handed him the receiver.

"Canadas? Well, it's difficult to say, but I think we may see a reaction, and then ultimate recovery. If you are prepared to

hold them for some time—eh? Are you there? Are you there? Oh—"

"Cut off, I suppose?" said Our Stroller.

"M. New, Canadas are difficult things to advise about. Trunks will go down, almost inevitably, but I don't know about Canadas."

"Shall I sell a bear of Trunks?"

"Floored me again," laughed the broker. "They haven't a friend in the Stock Exchange, but the stock is well held, by investors and speculative investors. All the same, I feel almost certain—"

"Sell me five Trunks as a hedge against my Districts," ordered Our Stroller, and he overheard the clerk give a low, involuntary whistle. Which confirmed him in his sense of being right.

THE DIP IN TRADE.

To look things steadily in the face, to look at them as they really are, is hardly what one might call the most noticeable virtue of the Stock Exchange, in London or elsewhere. When it comes to finance, matters must be magnified or depreciated in some grotesque fashion, else the "markets" would fail of sensation, and therefore of fascination to the average operator. But we frankly admit that the Throgmorton Street House is taking the present decline in the country's trade with a calmness akin to philosophy. The results of the steady falling-off in the figures are more negative than positive; they check new buying rather than stimulate fresh sales. Placed against the statistics of 1906, those for the first quarter of 1908 are distinctly good; and as 1907 was an exceptional year, the comparison with the previous twelvemonth is just and fair. Our own feeling is that the derangement of markets of every kind by the fiasco in the United States six months ago has much to do with the present decline in British trade, and that the falling-off will become gradually less, although it is too much to hope that last year's bounding prosperity of the country—in which London and the South shared so little—will be more than approached by the trade of the current period.

THE ROSARIO DRAINAGE COMPANY.

Those of your readers who follow the course of Argentine prices with any attention will have noticed how the quotations for the Debenture stocks and shares of the above-mentioned Company have been creeping up during the past year or two. The present prices of these are—

4 per cent. First Debenture stock	£74—76
4 per cent. Second Debenture stock	£60—62
6 per cent. £5 Preference shares	30s. bid.
Ordinary shares of £5	9s.—10s.

The reason for the improvement is, of course, the steadily improving position of the Company's earnings. The net Revenue for the last five years has been—

Year to June 30, 1903 £8091 12s. 6d.	Year to June 30, 1906 £13,940 15s. 8d.
" " 1904 £10,672 11s. 2d.	" " 1907 £16,215 4s. 10d.
" " 1905 £12,164 6s. 5d.	

The earnings for the year 1906-7 enabled the directors to pay the full 4 per cent. interest on the First Debentures, and 2 per cent. on the Second Debentures, in October last. It is understood that for the current year the profits will be sufficient to pay the full 4 per cent. on the Second Debenture stock, with a possible balance for the Preference shares. The Second Debenture stock, therefore, assuming the full rate to be paid, returns a buyer at present prices about 6½ per cent., and may be considered a promising speculative investment, while for those who like a long shot the shares are not without attractions. I have no space here to go into the somewhat chequered history of this company, but it may be sufficient to remind your readers that the long lawsuit with the Municipality of Rosario ended successfully for the Company; and this has led to strong hopes that the Company and the Municipality may work together better in future. At any rate, the Municipality has incurred enormous losses owing to the attitude it has adopted in the past towards the Company, and the latter's position has been greatly strengthened. The City of Rosario already numbers about 200,000 inhabitants, and is rapidly extending, and extensions of the drainage system are urgently wanted, so that there is scope for greatly increased earnings in the future.

April 11, 1908.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C. Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

NEMO.—The sub-certificates are worth about £5 each. Write to the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, 31, Lombard Street, and ask whether there is any reason to have your ownership registered. We think not.

E. B.—We have sent you the name and address of the brokers. You may rely on them.

ANGUS.—Central London Railway Deferred appears to us the sort of thing for you; but you may have to hold into the summer, when the Exhibition traffics will make things boom.

W. E. S.—Certainly take up your new shares; and if you want money, sell a corresponding number of old shares.

NOTE.—This week and next we are obliged to go to press early, and must therefore ask the indulgence of correspondents.

RACING TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Nottingham these should go close: Newark Plate, Wild Lad; Bestwood Plate, Punt; Sherwood Handicap, Hostility. At Kempton on Monday I like Glacis for the Queen's Prize, Pane for the Rothschild Welter, and Desespere for the Richmond Handicap. I think Shuletoi will win the Spring Handicap at Birmingham; Lubin may go close for the Holiday Handicap. I like Wire Puller for the Jesmond Welter at Newcastle, and Killigrew for the Spring Handicap. The Lancashire Steeplechase at Manchester may be won by Roman Law.

THE MAN ON THE CAR (continued).

IF the discussion of politics were permissible in motor notes, I should be moved to say that in the establishment of the Lorraine-Dietrich works at Birmingham, coming events cast their shadows before. Of course this has nothing to do with Tariff Reform; but straws show which way the wind is blowing, and the astute gentlemen at the head of that great French engineering concern who mount the double-ended cross apparently know enough to come in out of the rain. Anyway, there they are installed most completely and most comfortably at Bournbrook, where the cocoa comes from, equipped at all points with the most up-to-date English, German, and American machinery for the output of Lorraine-Dietrich chassis. In the middle of last week Messrs. Jarrott and Letts organised a Press inspection of these works, where scores of Lorraine-Dietrich chassis, both for the home and the foreign market, are going through, and where the system of production in the earnest endeavour for absolute truth and accuracy astonished even those who are best acquainted with the systems dominating the automobile workshops of this country and the Continent.

That the great rubber firm of Messrs. Michelin and Co. had not made much effort to cultivate the field of the heavy car tyre trade, having regard to the enormous use of rubber tyres by motor-buses and similar vehicles, has always been a matter of some surprise even to their friends. With their unique knowledge of the substances employed, and their vast organisation, it would seem that they should occupy a commanding position in this branch of the tyre industry. The reasons underlying this apparent lack of enterprise were made evident a few days back, in the contents of a paper read by M. André Michelin before the Institute of Civil Engineers (French). It now transpires that Messrs. Michelin have for the last two-and-a-half years been carrying out costly experiments for the purpose of obtaining a pneumatic tyre which should be suitable and economical for use on heavy motor vehicles. This M. André claims they have now done, in producing a twin, triple, or quadruple pneumatic tyre, carried on a specially designed detachable rim. It is the rim that has been the difficulty, not the tyre.

A notable addition to the manufacturing structures of London is the huge and well-arranged factory which has just been completed in Camden Town for the use of the White Steam-Car interests. In these thoroughly up-to-date works the much-appreciated White Steam-Cars, the only steam-cars that cut much ice in this country,

will be assembled, repaired, and bodied. The White Steam-Cars, as shown at several of the late exhibitions, have always been remarkable for the taste, elegance, luxuriousness, comfort, and finish of their bodies; and these, I am glad to say, are the products of British labour. So soon as matters are in line, the whole of the White Steam-Car organisation will migrate to these new works in Miller and Carlow Streets, show-rooms only being retained in the West End. The new building is very conveniently situated, being but ten minutes' motor or cab drive from Oxford Circus and three minutes' walk from the Mornington Crescent station of the Hampstead Tube. These works are very extensive, having a net area of 66,504 square feet, premises which may see manufacture as well as repair.

There is much cry and very little wool in connection with that curiously retrograde body the Highways Protection League, whose protective efforts seek only to make the lone and wasted highways of this country nothing more nor less than horse-preserves and infants' playgrounds. The League is, apparently, much opposed to the Motor Union's suggestion that the proceeds of increased motor taxation, when, if ever, imposed, shall be devoted to the improvement and upkeep of the roads. The reason for such opposition by this sweetly reasonable body is that motorists will clamour for the expenditure of the money in their way and for their benefit—that is, "the conversion of the roads into motor-tracks, useless for ordinary traffic, but positively dangerous." Was ever such nonsense uttered on any subject? The hatred shown by these people for progress in road-locomotion blinds them to the fact that the better the road for the motor the better the road, too, for that iron-shod road-destroyer the common horse.

When the new Port of London Bill becomes an actuality we may look for a considerable fall in the price of motor-fuel, at least petrol, which stands at the present moment 1½d. to 2d. per gallon dearer than it might be by reason of certain fatuous regulations imposed upon the loading and unloading of the spirit at certain riverside wharves. By the new Bill Messieurs the Thames Conservancy, who have ever been remarkable for blind adherence to hide-bound tradition and an insensate worship of red tape, will find their talons cut back to Teddington Lock, above which they will, however, still retain power to harass and annoy motor-boat users in the matter of lock regulations. In the matter of petrol landing and transit, let us fervently hope that the new Port authority will be more amenable to reason than the effete body now much concerned with its own conservation.



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